

IN THE WORLD'S  
REALM





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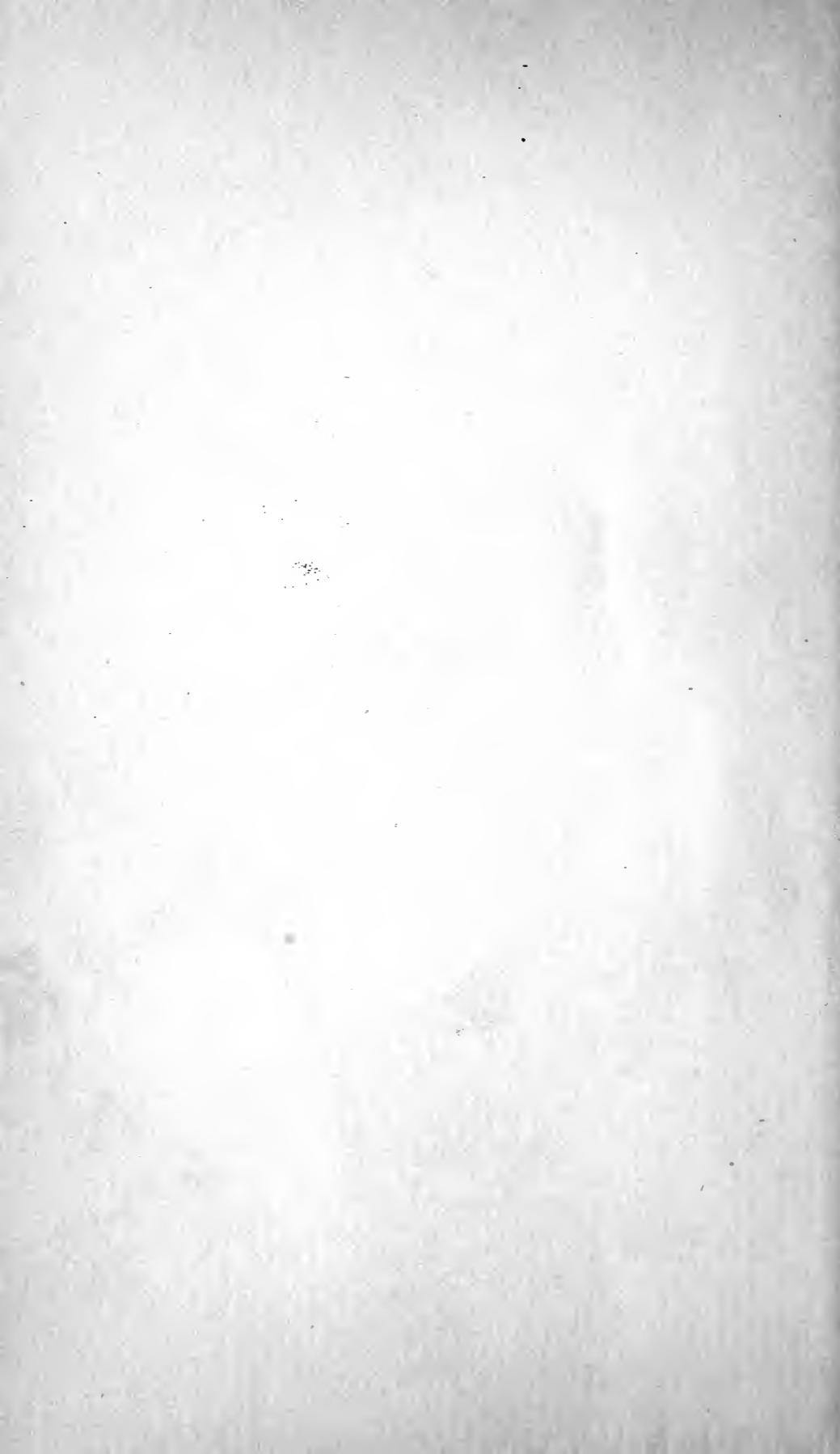
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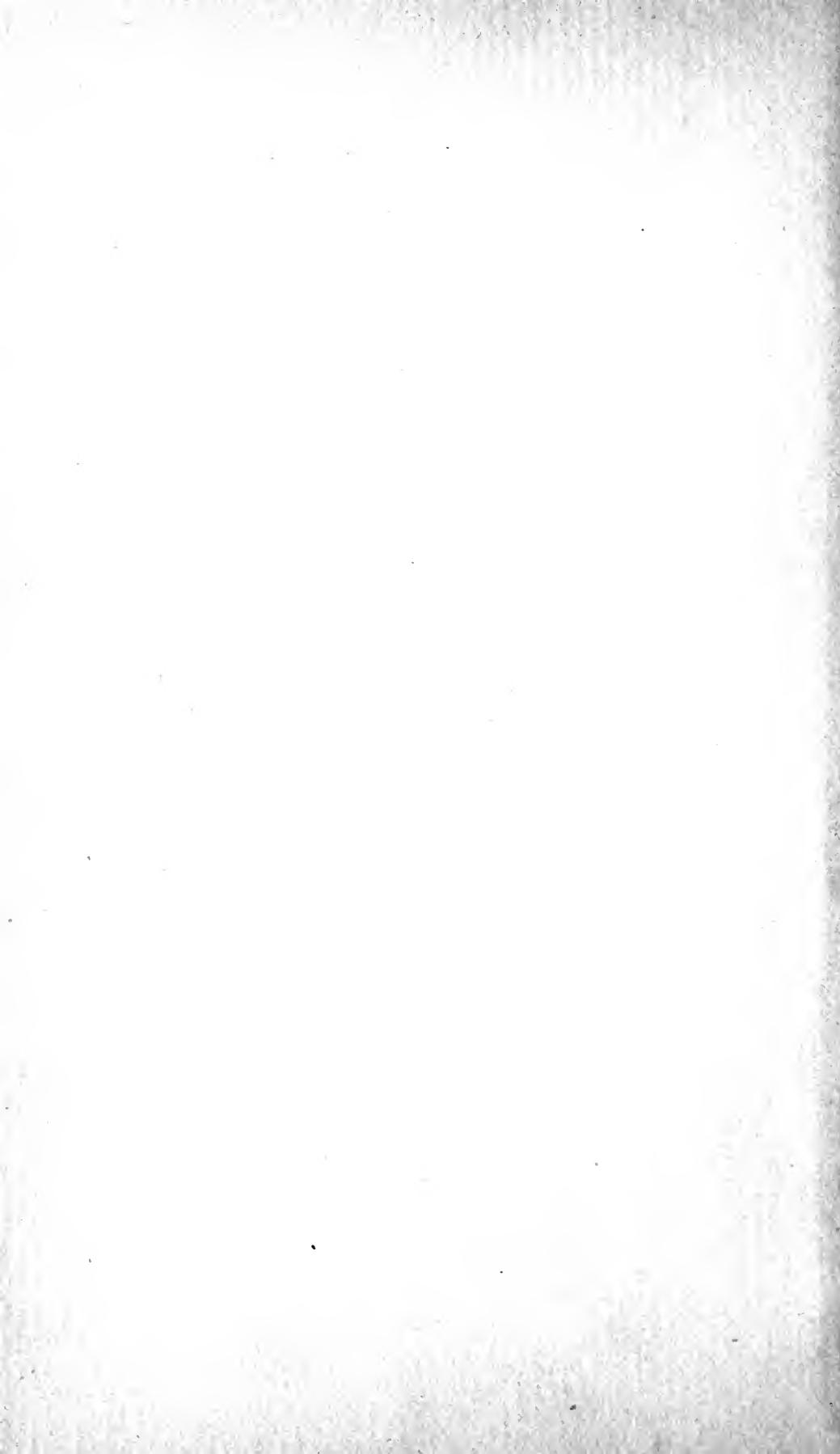








**In the World's Realm.**



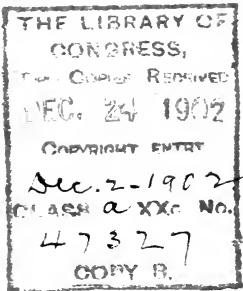
# In the World's Realm

BY

Emma McGuirk



FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS  
1902



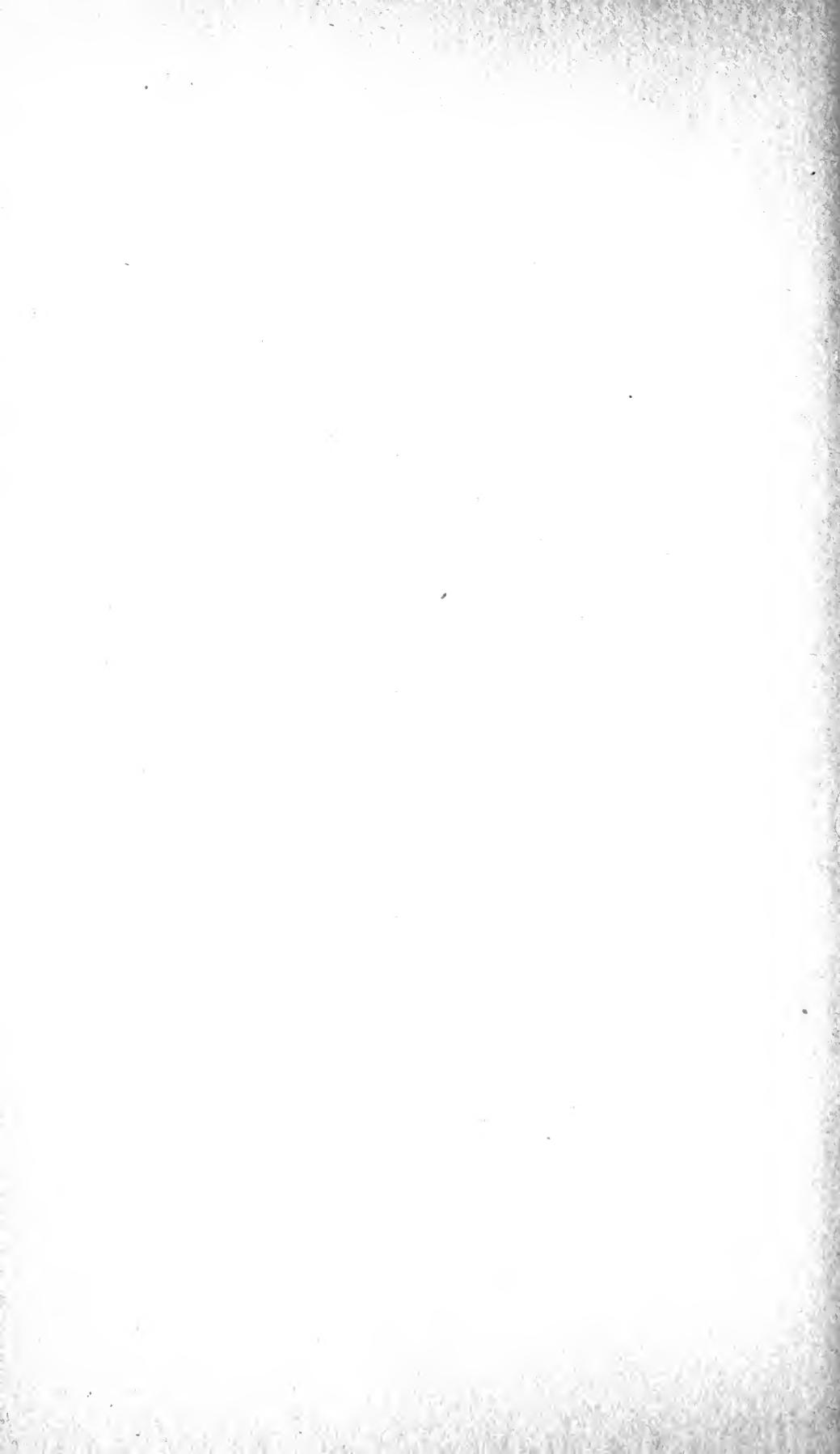
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*Not for praise do I labor, nor for fame;  
But if some aching heart should chance to trace  
One word of hope, of rest, from out the same,  
Then would I be repaid with twofold grace.  
From All Omnipotent the voice doth come to me—  
Unworthy, owning not, I give it now to thee.*



# In the World's Realm.

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## THE BROOK.

Down to the dell the brooklet wends  
Its way with noiseless tread.  
'Twill babble neath the willow-bends  
Till time itself is dead.

I fling myself down on the bank,  
And hear its murmuring tongue,  
Reviewing hopes ere fortune sank  
In days when I was young.

How oft from mossy, shelving nook  
I leaned out o'er the brink  
With tangled string, and bent pin-hook,  
To watch the crushed bait sink.

And memory's thrill creeps o'er me now,  
As breezes stir the leaves  
Of springtime on an aged bough  
Or tears drop off the eaves.

Of ancient domes, whose beauty shed  
A lustre o'er the past,  
Usurped by later fashion's tread—  
Nor could such vigor last.

Thus fare our lives with anxious care,  
And yet the older heart  
Yearns less for glowing, youthful stare  
Than what the rights impart.

The wrens upon the wooded hill  
Unheed showers passing o'er,  
But find an echo in their trill  
That ne'er was there before.

For Nature's change to them is fair,  
 In lowland, or in lea,  
 And not for foolish woes would wear  
 A countenance like we.

But oft with us the times are dull  
 And sorrow lines our brow;  
 Be calm and warble to the full  
 While strength is with us now.

---

### THE MILKMAID.

Behold! to-night I saw her pass,  
 This rosy, blithesome, singing lass.  
 A strain of warbling tones I heard  
 Like from a silver-throated bird.

Alone she passed through yonder vale,  
 With simple mien and queenly tread;  
 For sceptre bore a swinging pail,  
 And lightly poised it o'er her head.

No mocking-bird could frame the sounds  
 That thrilling from her bosom sprung;  
 Naught but the tiny raindrop's bounds  
 Into a liquid pool; be rung

The notes, but by her grace surpassed  
 And those I wished could always last.  
 The song I could not understand,  
 And know not if 'twere of this land,

Or better still, a foreign shore,  
 Where roams the one she sees no more.  
 But if I were he would not I  
 Athwart the heaving ocean speed?

And to that mourning lass would fly  
 Swift as the soft winds winged steed.  
 What the refrain I know not yet,  
 But to my fancying theme was set

A grave desire to sing through woes,  
Or pleasure's fount, whichever flows  
Into my cup, my carols be  
A confidante the same as she.

---

## REMEMBRANCE.

They say time heals; I know it not.  
The years go on and still I weep.  
I cannot pray, I cannot sleep,  
For there is yet one hallowed spot.  
I fain would pass it by and kneel,  
For there my buried hopes lie dead.  
But time will heal, for so 'tis said.  
And yet I could not, dare not, feel  
What life would be if I forgot  
The memory of that cherished spot.

---

## EVENING.

A smile broke forth in the evening sky  
That darkened the day with its pensive frown;  
It swept the clouds, both low and high,  
Till it chased their stern wrath senseless down.

My heart stole peace from the tranquil sight,  
And lured its thoughts to a cave away,  
Where becalmed with the senses that steal o'er night  
They slumbered peaceful till dawn of day.

My childhood rose with a beckoning sigh,  
And wafted me back on its careless wing  
To the scenes I loved in the days gone by  
Ere I knew the secrets of life's full spring.

And the dreams I had with a purer mind  
Than intellect boasts, tho' I longed to be free  
And girdle the world which unknown seemed kind,  
That gratified turned its warped edges to me.

I learned from experience's bitter flame  
How our dreams of an Eden are melted away;

How soon in the ravishing heat of the game  
 Our prospects are withered and turn to decay.

Yet my thoughts grew light with an earned devotion  
 As the waves lie mute on a passionless sea,  
 And my heart felt chaste with a sweet emotion,  
 While I knew such triumphs were not for me.

I gazed on the sky and its beautiful hues  
 Were wasted and fallen. The last steps of day  
 Had carelessly trod o'er their heavenly views  
 And left night descending. My idols were clay.

---

#### TWO COMRADES.

As boats becalmed by storms that lie  
 On ocean's bosom day by day,  
 Two barques of hope one could descry  
 Safe anchored o'er the watery way.

When darkness fell, a living breeze  
 Them wafted far athwart the main;  
 Nor knew till dawn that distant seas  
 Divided tracks where they had lain.

But why e'en though each sailed alone,  
 One compass guides the beaten track?  
 Shall not the wind their ways condone,  
 Yet steer anew and waft them back?

Is not the shore through billows' roar  
 The same where earthly parting cast  
 A gleam of hope, through darkness' scope?  
 And there unite them at the last.

---

#### THE SPRING.

While treading o'er a dreary plain,  
 I longed for water but in vain;  
 Till in a rocky gorge all spurned,  
 I found a treasure as I turned.

A tiny well half hid from view,  
And glowing like the silvery dew.  
Tall rushes screened its lowly bed,  
Where it so gently lay unfed;

But one grand gleam from out the sky  
Glorified it from on high.  
Thought I, how foolish was my plaint  
To scorn the boulder's feeble taint,

And where no good could lie or rest  
I looked and lo! I found the best.  
Thus oft a soul in seeming weeds  
Lies calm and pure 'neath golden deeds.

---

## THE BATTLEFIELD.

## I.

So loudly rolls the cannon's roar  
It hushes e'en the battle's din.  
Through serried ranks the shells outpour  
Their sombre, deadly missiles in.

The charging ranks on either hand  
Recall the ancient battle-cry.  
We are but men, an armed band  
Whose duty 'tis to do or die.

The rocks resound with clash of steel  
That startles e'en the war-horse' neigh;  
He plunges, snorts, with quivering reel  
Regards in awe the thunderous fray.

With fancied wrongs in each proud breast  
Increased by whirring bullets' dart  
That marks the graves where heroes rest,  
With blood shed for a country's smart.

O! charging ranks, the fatal day  
That bids brave men like cowards flee,  
Not from the king of forests' sway,  
But from the boasts of chivalry.

Can not that peace be nobly sought  
 We own is for our people's good?  
 And not with lives so dearly bought  
 By wading through a country's blood.

We thought the day of bloodshed o'er  
 When Roman lust was put to flight;  
 But gladiators as of yore  
 Must revel in the ghastly fight.

A flag of truce was slowly raised,  
 Its white edge gleaming o'er the flank;  
 The soldiers saw, and stood amazed,  
 Then tremblingly, as slowly sank.

'Twas but a moment's brief respite;  
 The wretched war was waged anew.  
 A carnage fierce the dawning light  
 And rolling smoke disclosed to view.

Men fighting against kindred; for  
 Are we not brethren one and all?  
 But all is fair in strife, and war,  
 To help a country's rise or fall.

The bugle's voice rang loud and clear,  
 Responding to the drummer's call.  
 It woke the slumb'rous hope, and fear  
 That wrapped them like a funeral pall.

With zeal renewed they fought with strength  
 A giant e'en would not despise.  
 Then quivered, wavered, broke at length,  
 And thus the wounded soldier dies.

## II.

O! sombre night come down and shield  
 This world of misery, pain and woe.  
 Thy gleaming stars can scarce outyield  
 The number of her fallen foe.

The pale moon saw, her head she bowed  
 To gaze upon the awful scene;

Then shuddering, sank behind a cloud  
In pity, yonder sight to screen.

In wild despair why must they weep,  
Whose loved ones were in battle slain?  
Then sorrow not, but let them sleep;  
They will not have to fight again.

Those comrades there will know no more  
Stern duty on life's battlefield.  
Their cause is won, their hardships o'er,  
Each gave his life ere he would yield.

And when they lie beneath the sod,  
Uncoffined, yes, but honor-clad,  
We know the truth, they are with God;  
Then why, oh why, need we be sad?

And though they fell in distant lands,  
Their spirits hover near our shore.  
Their names are linked with golden strands  
In memory's chain for evermore.

### III.

Then wave, banner wave, thou wert nobly won;  
What of a few, if the truth were told?  
Gallantly gave what was nobly begun,  
And linked their lives in its precious fold.

But a nation's honor has been redeemed,  
A tyrant's scorn has been swept away,  
With pennons, and crests that we esteemed  
All rent and torn in the battle's fray.

Aye! one may smile while others must weep,  
For the baffled hopes that a fight has slain;  
And taunts will sink with a wound so deep  
That a country's pride can never regain.

Then wave, banner wave, thou art staunch and true;  
We know thou'l shield us with might and main,  
We know thy rule is to dare and to do;  
Then why heed an enemy's silent disdain?

## THE SOLDIER.

Of all fell in that battle  
 Only one I knew.  
 As brave a lad as ever  
 Donned a coat of blue.

The moon gazed down upon him  
 In his icy bed,  
 Struggling in the death-throes  
 Of his heart's-blood, red.

He thought of home and kindred  
 Ere he closed his eyes,  
 And breathed a prayer to meet them  
 Beyond the starry skies.

The night-wind soighed around him,  
 He cared not whither, he  
 Had left this world of sorrow  
 For all Eternity.

The eagle soared above him  
 Waiting for its prey,  
 As if 'twould tear asunder  
 The limbs of lifeless clay.

Far from his loved ones, dearer  
 Than all the world beside,  
 He shed his blood, life's ransom,  
 And for his country died.

## NIAGARA FALLS.

Leap on, resistless cataract of foaming froth!  
 Before thee mortals' triumphs end: their control dies  
 And wastes upon the shore, while man stands wroth  
 To see his nothingness held naked to his eyes.  
 The sound of mighty thunder rolling deep  
 Doth drown all human praise. That useless tone  
 Be wasted 'neath the muttering ocean-sweep,  
 And tongues be overawed, and cleave from sight alone.

This broad, deep sea, that inland spurns command,  
And scorns defiance from the world's immeasured  
length,  
That longs to test its will, its iron hand  
With naught but human minds, and human strength.  
Then dash thy foaming breakers, and the spray  
Triumphant, scornful, rears its pinions crested high,  
With force that irresistible shall dull the noisy fray,  
For but its own momentum can those waves defy.

As Morning flings her dazzling hues athwart the sky,  
Blending horizon, cloud, and wave in vaporous deep  
That interspersed with sapphire rainbow's tinted dye,  
Paints fall like miniatures from off a summit steep.  
Enamelled now the brows of myriad cataracts  
Which boasting, heedless, toss their hissing spray afar,  
Until bombarded by the circlet waves relax  
With sound of cannon, booming after conquered war.

Condensed the atmosphere; and gloomy clouds of night  
Participate; when in the day the firmament expands  
With murmured terror, shrinking from her lofty height,  
She drains her garnered springs like incense from her  
spreading hands.

A fire brand through fleece-winged clouds doth leap,  
And parts asunder with its lightning sheen  
Space for the glorious tempest's whelming sweep,  
That onward creeps with the flash. The dismal scene

Lights up, and all around, above, beneath is lurid flame,  
Straining its light through dark abyss and watery cave.  
The foam like marble slabs engraved without a name  
Are fitting tombstones for heroic Indian braves  
Whose courage spurned man's walk, and sought a plane  
Which led them on to happy grounds. Deluded peace  
That craved a spotless maid for sacrifice. O! savage  
bane,  
How could those seething, tossing waters ever cease?

## REVERIE IN A CHURCHYARD.

They are at rest 'neath old mother earth.  
Ambition's useless toil has gained  
A resting-place, ere tired life waned;  
It matters little now the worth.

The pendulum of life swings slow,  
Yet striketh once on one and all;  
No strength can e'er resist its call,  
We struggle faintly and then go.

The mourner strews the grave with flowers,  
Sweet offerings from a gentle breast,  
To meekly cover those at rest  
In the only world we can call ours.

And loving hands caress the mound  
Which doubly proves that friends must part—  
Frail comfort for an aching heart,  
That fain would rest beneath the ground.

The good they did shall now be told;  
None of the dead can lightly speak,  
Their vengeance now they would not wreak,  
The noblest deeds does death unfold.

Perhaps some aching heart has yearned  
For one kind word to ease its pain;  
That loving word you would not deign  
And thus a life in sorrow burned.

Afar the distant hum of life  
Pursues its course with dizzy tread;  
'Twill not arouse them from their bed,  
They who have done with toil and strife.

The tiny warblers of the air  
Trip lightly round with voices still;  
A melody they would not trill,  
As though they knew the dead were there.

The weary pilgrims' voices cease,  
As slowly walk with reverent tread  
In this lone sanctum of the dead  
That breathes a sign of heaven's peace.

Perhaps some genius lieth near—  
Poets, painters, sculptors, all  
Who taught the minds of great and small,  
And some whose victory cost them dear.

Each has his share of mould'ring rind,  
The same as dwelt in humbler sphere.  
All can but slumber helpless here;  
Death makes no preference in mankind.

Mayhaps a voice that swayed a throne  
Lies silent here in chill embrace;  
No higher power, no greater place  
Than died an outcast and alone.

Though tow'ring monument may span  
The view from yonder lighted skies,  
Beneath its grandeur only lies  
All that remains of mortal man.

Some may have vaguely yearned for fame,  
And striving well one learned to see  
The end of all, Eternity,  
And the faded glory of a name.

No cannon boomed with farewell zest  
Nor mingled in his parting sighs;  
Untrammeled by renown he lies  
In peace, forgotten and at rest.

---

#### THE CRY OF THE INFIDEL AND THE OPPRESSED.

No God, no heaven, cry the voice  
Of infidels. No true atoning  
Can make the stars, the moon rejoice  
Within our sorrow's deep bemoaning.

Faith, with its treasured terms of hope,  
 May cry to God in hidden anguish  
 Concealed on paths, whereas we grope  
 Unconscious truer rest doth languish.

Within the fold of silence' web  
 More dignified, with ease relenting.  
 The rock may break the river's ebb,  
 A gentle word may cause repenting.  
 The sun, and all its wandering spheres  
 May crush this earth within the morrow.  
 The ocean holds no power like tears—  
 And yet the Atheist knows but sorrow.

The bloody rampants of the fight  
 Can kill, and blindly call surrender,  
 While those in peace affront a slight,  
 With anger more than crown's defender.  
 Come heart to heart, and soul to soul,  
 Nor perish on the midway grieving;  
 Though different minds ye are but whole;  
 From same ye sprang, and same be leaving.

However stern the laws of men,  
 Disease shall spread unfettered pinions  
 Without, within, now and again  
 Destroying wastes, engulf dominions.  
 The strong, the weak, shall call for aid,  
 From sources great or small must borrow  
 The needful strength ere life is laid—  
 And yet the Atheist murmurs sorrow.

The silver throttled in the ore  
 May ease our hearts from endless pining.  
 The costly robes we craved before  
 Be linked to us with style's entwining.  
 What matter if an empty tone  
 Goes through our words without a meaning?  
 The bane of gold has swept them prone,  
 Through straws from out the harvest's gleanings.

The sweat of labor, borne for bread,  
 Is oft the thanks a starving giver,

And recompense which earned instead,  
Pays failures for the wealthy liver.  
Unjust, enforced, the tyrant lot  
May rail at fate's produced uncover,  
While wronged but meekly seek a spot  
To rest where spendthrifts fail to hover.

Both, rich, and poor, may meet as one  
Within the walls of ancient cover,  
Like hearts from separation gone  
To greet the past, when once a lover.  
In fear, with poverty surmised,  
He dreaded lest the stately mansion  
Would ope, (where was the one he prized,)  
And lose him in its broad expansion.

The sky of God, the fruitful fields  
Bar out not what His wisdom gave us,  
To only such as ignorance yields  
The tongue, the voice, would now deprave us.  
We look with pleading eyes at some,  
And ask how long their love will linger;  
To others haughty, we are dumb  
Nor heed God's warning lifted finger.

We stand in awe beside the bed  
Of one we loved, and trusted ever;  
And limbs have trembled while lips said,  
To part from thee we promised, never.  
But not the same is this cold clay;  
We vowed such truth to-day, not morrow.  
All with the form is laid away—  
And more than Atheist whisper sorrow.

The threads of life are shrunken now.  
O God! to clasp those clinging fingers  
With warmth of life, and on the brow  
No light, but where the sunset lingers.  
Give back! give back! that supple grace  
To limbs destined by fate to perish;  
From rigid hands, death's marks efface  
And give us back the which we cherish.

What power to triumph over hearts  
By that Unseen who bids us mildly  
Take warning as the tempest parts  
With black, engulfing darkness wildly.  
The grass that grows beneath our feet  
We choose to tread upon so blindly,  
Shall yet proclaim us where we meet  
In preference all, not so unkindly.

But soon the tide of life is spent,  
Which ends the same with grief, or laughter,  
Whichever God hath to us sent  
Through waves before, or currents after  
We reach through all the yonder shore.  
Though barques delay from day to morrow,  
God grant the Infidel may pour  
His unbelief in earthly sorrow.

---

#### MY KING.

I work and sing, my listening, beating heart  
A triumph waits, my fingers fly  
In ecstasy. The hours to minutes start,  
And waiting with clasped hands, I wonder why

He does not come, my patient, toiling one.  
A tiller of the soil is he,  
And though our breezy attic chills the dawn,  
We have Faith's kingdom, Hope's fidelity.

I start. A step ascends the creaking, winding stairs;  
My breath comes fast; a well-loved voice I hear  
Breathing my name; a stalwart arm upbears  
My trembling form; I cling without a fear

To that fond breast. The twilight turns, a stream  
Of sunlight falls across the opening;  
The attic glows a palace, 'tis no dream,  
Before me stands my own heart's love, my king.

## THE YOUNG POET.

Poet child, with the sweet, sad face  
Whose mystic charm but lends thee grace,  
Has sorrow decked thy pale young brow?  
And Phantasy claims its victim now.  
Have visions old lain by thy side  
When in the crib thou didst abide?  
With worlds or spheres, which were thy lot?  
And of the world thou owned, forgot  
When eyes mused on thy sleeping form  
And lips touched thine, so loving, warm,  
Didst dream an angel from her place  
Had wandered to thy mother's face?  
And tiny arms uplifted near  
Beside thy dreams thou loved most dear  
What inner sight revealed to thee  
Such thoughts of vast immensity?  
That weighed thee down, while youth was young  
And left to warble songs, unsung  
The world was not to thee, betimes  
In childish accents lisped ye rhymes.  
Does earth or heaven claim thy joy,  
Whichever one thy thoughts decoy?  
Know Fate has promised to her own  
But one ambition, one alone.  
Ye cannot be a man alway,  
And yet a bird with tuneful lay,  
The mind that soars above its own  
Must leave its fellow-creatures lone.  
On words of love, ye must depend  
To sympathize unto the end.

---

## A VOICE FROM THE MULTITUDE.

When millions teem along the busy street  
Throbbing with life, come linger near,  
And disenchant thyself. Watch gain, defeat  
Struggling for mastery here.

Ye praise that noble span with arched necks,  
Fleet-footed pair to serve mankind.  
Not all, not all. They shy at misery's wrecks  
And leave the cripple far behind.

Mark well that ancient tower of copied fame  
Borrowed from age. Its columns lure  
Praise from unfeeling hearts, that structure same  
But keeps the sunlight from the poor.

We see, and feel the wonders time has wrought  
Within our world, each deaf'ning change  
Has turned men's hearts until we are forgot;  
Remembered still would be more strange.

And yet within their coffers lies our wealth  
Tarnished from age. Its luxuries see  
Bespotted o'er our lives, our feeble health.  
Man's world its triumphs find. Defeated we.

---

#### THE TWO BARQUES.

Down the Ocean of Time a vessel came sailing proudly,  
Pride on her every mast, though the waves roared round  
her loudly.

A gentle breeze was wafted from her motion in the air;  
Tho' it swelled to a blizzard's sweep what would that frig-  
ate care?

Back through the storms of years a vessel comes drift-  
ing sadly.

No cannon boom from her stern tho' the waves leap  
round her madly.

Engulfing winds surround her. Can this barque be the  
same?

Poor frail and battered hulk, was the sea or the helms-  
man to blame?

## TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Joy to thee, keen riser,  
With thy keener song,  
That flowing like a geyser  
From thy throat so strong,  
Bids us imitate thy noise devoid of wrong.

Soaring high and gladly  
Feels thy way up yonder;  
Leaves us wondering sadly  
Where thou next will wander.  
Singing, always singing, never stops to ponder.

Thro' the moonshine gleaming  
On thy glossy wings  
Like mellow lamplight streaming  
O'er transparent springs,  
So goest forth to greet the melody thou sings.

What rapture in thy pinions  
Ruffled by the breeze!  
All thine the vast dominions,  
Floating where thou please,  
O'er thy native woodlands or cool foreign seas.

How in the pallid gloaming  
Of eve's ethereal star,  
Thou seem'st a spirit roaming  
The hills of earth afar,  
Until the glowing dawn their purple beauties mar.

The earth and hills re-echo  
Thy soft, melodious tone,  
Like distant music's overflow  
With a bevy of their own,  
Which embodied in thy form is joy and love alone.

What thou know'st we know not.  
Seest thou earth's all,  
Cliffs that hidden, wilds unsought  
Hover neath thy joyous call.  
No earth's shackles bind thy vested thrall.

Fairy sprite in birdlike guise,  
 Tell me where thou wint'rest.  
 Hast thou portals in the skies  
 Where thou ent'rest for the test?  
 For sure earth never doth enclose thy zest.

Song's gay rapture varies  
 In its wild refrain;  
 But thy bosom never wearies,  
 Chanting forth delicious strain,  
 Sings the rhythm, then returning sings again.

What secrets new and olden  
 Hear'st thou in air?  
 While painted on the golden  
 Star-flecked clouds so rare  
 That a misty moonbeam seems hov'ring o'er thee there.

Thro' the weeds and rushes  
 Floating o'er the main,  
 If thou likest hushes  
 Song that knows no pain,  
 That buried now bursts forth in rhapsody again.

O'er the vast unclouded spheres  
 Do no thoughts arise  
 Of the future's troubled years,  
 When the cloudlets dim thine eyes,  
 Seeking vain an answer to the dull surprise?

---

### MORTALITY.

Same as the clouds wand'ring to the evening sky,  
 So do our pleasures vanish in the end;  
 Each giving way to nature ere we die,  
 In sequent care all earthly mixtures blend.  
 Mortality, once the mainspring of life,  
 Shrinks to corruption, wherfore gaining peace  
 Scorneth defiance 'gainst labor's humble strife;  
 While earth that gave them all, claims all on decease.

Years do enhance the wisdom found in youth,  
As Time furrows ridges in the thoughtful brow;  
Weeps for the past, and loath to own the truth  
Of age apparent, to which kings must bow.  
And yet this wisdom sought for means sublime  
Shall propagate and shoulder time with time.

---

## COMMUNING WITH THEE.

Through the mists of the briny ocean,  
Through the depths of the soundless sea  
With its constant billowy motion,  
My soul would commune with thee.

And communing would tell of its sorrow  
No word in the language can know;  
Its passionate waves could I borrow,  
How softly the rhythm would flow.

From the depths of my love I would proudly  
With the length of remorse measure thine.  
While the waves of the ocean roar loudly,  
Thy soul is another's, not mine.

---

## INNOCENCE.

Sweet innocence, with lips apart, and childlike brow,  
Woe unto him who perverts that holiness now  
And blots the light of heaven from a mind  
That trusted all alike, all humankind.  
Who feels with keener mind distrust of all  
Than him awakened by illusion's fall?

What crime so great, so guilty, could there be  
In childhood's eyes, what rash intensity?  
Than this misunderstanding, half of shame  
And shyness new, for which he has no name.  
To be discovered thus, and mourn the fate,  
Proves half God's wisdom to thee has been sate.

And woe to him who damped illusion's hope  
And sowed dissension's seed within the scope  
Where God was meant to be, where happiness lay  
To be upturn by one with mould of clay.  
God pity thee, tho' great and by the world defiled,  
For thou wert poor in riches by that child.

---

## RUINS.

As ceaseless dripping wears the hardest rock,  
Disclosing seams and scars untold, by shock,  
And lays each fibre bare throughout its length—  
So unconfidery saps the strength.

---

## EVER AND ONLY.

Duty ever is duty  
Though the will retains its source.  
But beauty only is beauty  
When the soul directs its course.

---

## SPRINGTIME.

The fair morn widening as a leaf  
Its shrinking fold outcreases;  
Brings summer's hope and chases grief  
To where the winter ceases.

The birds have come, their mellow tones  
Send gladness through the season,  
And in our hearts whose dreary moans  
Escape and leave no reason.

While in the glowing, rustling trees,  
A breath of incense stealing  
Wafts perfume o'er the quiet breeze  
And softens nature's feeling.

A downy calm is in the air  
That almost seems of sorrow.  
I wonder if no peace was there  
Would we long for the morrow?

The distant hills, the blooming glades,  
Have tasted earth's vast sweetness  
And with the forethought beauty fades,  
They charmed the groves with fleetness.

'Tis strange that only yesterday  
An April sun was shining;  
The birds sang on each leafy spray  
With glee and mirth entwining.

Now in the present morn's array  
The breath of May's unfolding;  
Thus oft we age a year a day  
Through sorrow's vain upholding.

All winter grief from summer's mood  
Should vanish with the weather,  
And leave, where chilling anguish stood,  
Hope's blessings linked together.

I drink the fragrance of the hour  
Embalmed in nature's keeping,  
And bear its sweetness to the bower  
Where winter's form lies sleeping.

---

### THE FIREFLY.

Unwearied through evening's gloaming,  
Thy pale light guides the way,  
As a wanderer vaguely roaming  
The plains with a beacon ray.

The years have not dimmed thy lustre,  
Nor armed thee with frailer dawn;  
As with the bright forces that muster,  
Thou recklessly hurriest on.

\* \* \*

Thus be my life with brightness blent,  
To lead me o'er the darkened way  
Until the light of heaven is sent,  
And guides me to Eternal day.

---

## NIGHT AND MORN.

O! sweet is the night when to slumber I go,  
Far from the world in my sleep's peaceful flow;  
And sweet is the morn when from slumber I wake  
And glide back to earth on my spirit's calm lake.

How sweet then is life both in sunshine and rain.  
Whate'er we may suffer, peace follows the pain.  
The clouds that outburst in their sombre control,  
In time shall drown anguish immersing the soul,

In cloudlets as fair as the still morn's array,  
When sunrise is stealing o'er earth's dusk decay,  
Then tranquil the breeze after life's stormy main,  
That wafts us to heaven and happiness again.

---

## THE DERELICT.

Take note beneath the leaden sky  
Of yonder frigate hovering nigh.  
Her breathless hush might strike the heart,  
So much of gloom doth she impart.

Oh say! Oh say! where can it be  
Her place of port, her destiny?  
Her darkened shrouds might wave a pall  
To screen the decks deserted all.

The night fog lies athwart her bow  
Like a benediction soft and low.  
Her silent calm as it rose and fell  
Be broke by the swaying fog-girt bell.

And her shadowy hull looms up in sight,  
Streaked with the rays of pale moonlight  
That glistening o'er her charms anew  
The strange, weird sight of the day's review.

Black are her sails as the wintry blast  
Sweeps and tears at her clinging mast.  
Pale are the shadowy forms that play  
On the shadowy decks by night and day.

Where are her sailors, what is her doom?  
From the port of hope to a watery tomb.  
Where is the crew that her greatness gave  
Access to ride on the boundless wave?

What scourge has emptied the silent bark,  
What corpses sank from it stiff and stark?  
Was it a crew of pirates bold  
That fighting sank with their precious gold?

Then swiftly speed from this rocking boat;  
No answer comes from her stern afloat,  
And our echoes die upon the sea,  
While she responds with her mystery.

---

## RETRIBUTION.

Thou camest not to me, when in dire woe  
My poverty held thee aloof. Is it not so?  
Now I have treasures, and thou art come  
Gazing with envy on my beauteous home.  
Were there a man sincere, though in distress,  
I would choose him for my friend, and daily bless  
His life's usurping cares; for naught besides  
Could bind my heart to his. Whate'er betides  
His luckless days, should cross my path as well.  
O! gentle, trusting heart, come with me here to dwell.  
No, not for paltry gold wouldest thou bestow  
One atom of affection. For the glow  
And sheen, that sometimes passeth in an hour  
Then from my tearful pleadings shrink and cower.

Thine aim is true and good, thou would'st not strike  
A fallen foe, thy motives how unlike  
Yon cowardly knave who gloating o'er my wealth  
Now seeks to win my confidence by stealth.  
He knows I know his heart is bleak and bare,  
Yet ventures boldly in. What doth such care  
If but the outward surface gain applause?  
While all is vile within from nature's cause.  
His perjured lips shall taunt my rags no more,  
Nor will he cross the threshold of my door.  
I would not have thee now, I spurn things low,  
I loathe and scorn thy hollow friendship. Go!

---

#### FAR FROM HOME.

Far from my cherished home to-night I rest,  
Far from the hand of fate, which spurred me on  
To scorn defeat, from her who turned to jest  
My faltered vows ere every hope had gone.

Far from the home where lisped at mother's knee  
My simple prayers or dropped a childish tear,  
Far, far, from all, but never far from thee,  
Not farther now than when I once was near.

---

#### THE COTTAGE BUILDERS.

Softly falls the glistening timber  
From its parent soil.  
Threat'ningly, with branches limber,  
Yields to useful toil.  
Through the forest's sheltered region,  
One by one, they stand  
Like an army's conquered legion,  
Bowed to weapon's hand.

O'er the sky of grayish beauty,  
Sombre though it be,  
Stern redbreasts make labor duty  
In each fallen tree.  
And the wild gray goose is screaming  
To its sullen mate,  
Where an islet small is gleaming  
'Cross the river's gate.

Gone the traces of cold winter  
And each day succeeds  
Warmer breaths through crystal's splinter  
O'er the frosty meads.  
Noiseless are the builders creeping  
From their huts of boughs,  
Thickened nets of wild grass creeping  
O'er the tethered scows.

Soon the noise of smothered thunder  
Drowns each hasty stroke,  
And with branches torn asunder  
Quainter echoes woke.  
In that forest old and hardy  
From its lonely state,  
Grander than the elms tardy  
At a rich man's gate.

Scented pine, and airy maple,  
Prostrate side by side.  
Freed the latter from the staple  
Whence the sweet drops glide.  
Thirsty yet the stream is stealing  
To the naked earth;  
For destroyer's axe revealing  
Uses of its birth.

Hear the music of the pine trees  
From their lonely height,  
Rolling like the sombre high seas  
To a weird delight.  
Wonder not then hearts of pleasure  
Roam the silent plain;  
Naught so sweet as nature's treasure  
Chanting each refrain.

But how true each member misses,  
At his fireside's glow,  
Sweetest of all home's sweet blisses,  
Childhood's mirthful flow.  
But the power of future gladness  
Brings a milder taste  
To the hearts of frozen sadness  
In this weary waste.

While the homesick tear oft glistens  
On some ruddy cheek,  
Still a voice of music listens  
To its volume meek;  
And at night still sweeter echoes  
Thrill the wooded grove,  
When a prayer to heaven o'erflows  
From the fount of love.

Through the forest's starry skylight  
Night birds take the tone,  
And from glen to glen, the twilight  
Breathes a calm its own.  
Ears shall list while lips are praying,  
Silent may be some;  
For in silence speaks God's saying  
And great faith is dumb.

Altars not surround the twenty  
Men, or more who kneel;  
Nature's offerings here are plenty  
Kindred thoughts to feel.  
And what matters to Him incense  
If the heart be right?  
Souls like these be recompense  
For the off'rings light.

In one year from this dim gloaming  
Watch well yonder shore.  
Say there hearts whose quickened roamin  
Tells of hardships o'er.  
Peace and plenty speak in whispers  
To each bosom full,  
Of the silent, praying lispers  
When the birdsongs lull.

Gathered close near fiery embers,  
For the nights are cold,  
Nearer in this wild than members  
Of the cultured fold.  
Speak they ling'ring thoughts of daytime  
From their shadowed den,  
And the homes, the coming gay time  
Ease their hearts again.

---

## DESIDERATUM.

I stand with lips apart, and watch the mill  
Of fate grind out my portion's toll;  
And though I madly long, with giant's will  
To grasp the lever, yet I must control

Impatience, which would hurl me to my doom  
Before I know the truth, thou hast not told  
To me in words, but through the silent gloom  
The ghosts of doubt have crept, me to enfold.

I crave to know the worst, that all may cease—  
This endless hoping and suspense, that give  
A life of torture; from those cruel bonds release  
And crush me now, so once more I may live.

---

## THE RICH UNCLE.

"Bind on thy pearly necklace, and change this sombre  
robe  
For one of silken texture; though its costliness may  
probe  
The contents of my purse-strings, I would have thee look-  
ing fine  
To greet thy rich old uncle, who'll reward thee, daughter  
mine.

And Mary there so ugly, I would that she were fair  
With the same vermillion-tinted cheek, and wavy, golden  
hair."

"No, mother, no," the younger cries, "I would not have it  
so;

For but one must be his heiress, and that myself I trow."

Thus spake up selfish girlhood, with never a thought of  
harm

Against her nobler sister, whose duties, cold or warm,  
Kept off the starving wolf-band, and pledged the weary  
way

With charity and meekness, the infirm and the gray.

Whose head was raised in sorrow, and pity glazed the eye  
Where many a tear had glistened in the struggling days  
gone by,

When poverty and labor, had travelled side by side,  
Bestrewing thorns and thistles where'er her hands defiled.

No hoard of precious jewels, nor gems of gleaming light  
Did she crave from the absent kinsman, who would be  
with them to-night;

But a heart of love and pity, overflowing with kindly  
mirth

Did she long to rest by her fireside and gladden her  
wretched hearth.

"He will come in dress of broadcloth and a splendid coach  
and four;

And thou, my fairest daughter, must ope the sliding door  
To greet thy dead sire's brother from the land of quaint  
Japan,

Where he hoarded his hard-earned treasures as only a  
miser can."

"O! fie thee, fie thee, mother, what care we if he scrimped  
and saved

To fuel his great ambition and the wavering hardships  
braved?

For us, for us, was his strength extolled,"—and the sister  
o'er her task

Thought it was not a heart of stone in exchange her  
friend would ask.

"There is no doubt about that," the sage mother replied,  
"For thou shalt be his heiress, and yet a great man's  
bride.

In robes of royal purple thy form shall be arrayed  
And a circlet of amber jewels on thine ivory neck displayed."

O! hark! what is that knocking on the unused kitchen door?  
Only a tramp in tatters, that seems from a foreign shore  
And an angry frown on the fair face shone as she ordered  
him quick away,  
Saying, "Beggar old, such we harbor not, and here thou  
reedst never stray."

But stay—a warm hand grasped her, and thrust her form aside,  
And a low voice sweet and gentle to the beggar's words replied:  
"We are not rich, no truly, but if that can aid thy woe,  
Thou art welcome to it humbly, it is all I can bestow."

And a nickel found its shelter in the pauper's hardened palm,  
But never a sign of hunger shone in the eyes so calm;  
Another light in their clearness dawned as his voice replied,  
"I am thy father's brother and in thy house shall abide."

"Pray pardon these wretched garments, for time I had not to change,  
And bemoaning my homesick loneliness I felt they could ne'er estrange  
The tie of my kin's affection, when brought to their kind review  
Through them, not wealth in abundance I have learned the false from the true."

And what of the beauty's anguish, when fluttered away such wealth  
From her grasp to the plainer sister, who treasured it not by stealth?  
From the shattered towers of her castle, she scorned in hate to deride  
And like a great many others learned wisdom through fallen pride.

## ABANDONED.

Idly we're drifting, the sails are unfurled,  
Idly our barques roam the length of the world.  
Be it our fault in the treacherous gloom  
If breakers ahead speed us on to our doom?

---

## THE SCENE.

The daylight streams across the hills  
So gently rising through the mist;  
A flood of light its glory spills  
Athwart the waking earth, now kissed  
With rosy dawn: a perfect sight.  
And all day long the shadows play,  
For out of day we pass to night,  
And out of night we pass to day.

Our lives are rising gently o'er  
The cultured slopes, and valleys wide,  
A peaceful scene, a dreamy lore  
Be wafted on the breeze's tide.  
An earthly balm till shadow's breath  
Creeps o'er the edge in stormy strife;  
For out of life we pass to death,  
And out of death we pass to life.

---

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

Hark! the Christmas chimes are tolling  
As I wander slowly home.  
Back the risen years are rolling,  
Creeping through the snowy foam.  
Soft the beauties of the season  
As I gaze with weary eyes,  
Vainly grasping for the reason  
Of the dear, departed joys.

Swiftly now the years seem driven  
By a hand of mighty strength.  
Into them with spirits riven  
Float we through the dismal length.  
Where the thrill of boyish pleasure?  
Keenest in our boyhood's den,  
Where we frolicked at our leisure,  
Yet the eve's as bright as then.

And the stars still glisten ever,  
Shedding flecks of golden light  
Far across the frozen river  
Where the chimes speed in the night.  
Why do years and hopes go quicker?  
Time that once seemed all too slow  
Yearn no more for Yuletide's flicker  
Bringing sorrows in its flow.

Now no Fairy-father meets us  
With his load of precious toys;  
Now no stirring hurrah greets us,  
Presents for the girls and boys.  
Now the pale moon shines no brighter  
Than it did a month before,  
Yet one time the world seemed lighter  
And this night like none of yore.

Why instead of mirth and singing  
Comes to me a spell of woe?  
Why not join the joybells ringing,  
As they flutter to and fro?  
Has the heart I held in childhood  
Changed through years without acclaim?  
And the memory's calling withstood,  
For each thing appears the same.

Once the sprigs of manhood flourish,  
Flutter far the flowers of youth,  
Leaving naught but care to nourish—  
Few will own the bitter truth.  
Wealth, ambition, crown your errors,  
Freedom's gift will not remain;  
But at Christmas slay those terrors—  
Let me be a child again.

## THE HUNT.

Adown the glade and o'er the lawn  
The noisy, sweeping crowd rushed on.

With prancing steeds, whose armour's bore  
For crests fair damsels by the score.

And lordly knights with conscious eye  
Of mounted pride's deep chivalry.

The dogs let loose, a charging host,  
That in the thicket plunged and lost,

Save streaks of foam upon the grass  
Flung from their nostrils as they pass.

With gleaming teeth, and eyes of fire  
Infection caught from mankind's ire.

A wolfish pack of fiends that wear  
A canine semblance 'neath their hair.

Of ermine-tinted, spotless hue,  
As urging onward gained anew

The steep hillsides, the clinging mass  
Of stunted poplars, where alas!

Poor Reynard, mad with fear and strife,  
Ran for his life, and the hounds for life.

The noisy brook went babbling by  
Unconscious of the tragedy

That fleeing, drifting, in its wake  
Should rouse its murmurs for sport's sake.

And speed its echoes through the rim  
Of mounted charges, warlike, grim.

Pursued they boldly hill and plain  
Till swampy ridges loomed again.

'Neath clattering hoofs, whose reckless haste  
Defiant spurned the dangerous waste.

The fox stopped short in yonder glen  
To wonder at the game of men

Then boldly sprang with vigor borne  
And fresh renewed from bay and horn.

Through marsh and coppice wound the stream  
Of idle revellers' hurrying gleam.

While Reynard's short but fatal blunder  
Of pausing, made him vaguely wonder

If pondering was worth a fee  
When life must pay the penalty.

Anon through countless alleys wide  
With horses plunging, side by side,

And leaping stiles where anxious grain  
Awaited the onslaught's vigorous train,

Rode cultured dames whose ample pride  
Upheld the lineage that denied

Poor Reynard's boast of freedom's laws  
But gathered strength to urge the jaws

Of canines' wrath, a heedless pang  
Might mingle with the shouts that rang

Their wild hurrahs! as plainly seen  
Their tortured victim cross the green

Where serried troops, in mail arrayed  
With fashion's pomp, the scene surveyed.

The tangled brush be used to throw  
Discord between the swift and slow.

The climax aye! must come at length  
When robbed poor Reynard of all strength

Returns again whate'er he would  
And meets his fate where first he stood.

Now mankind's prowess won at last  
And Reynard's cunning had surpassed

By beaten strokes; the agile form  
That no more roams through shade and storm.

Not even for door-mat, hall or bower  
For dogs tore piecemeal foxship's dower.

—

#### BLESSING OF HOPE.

While on life's highway oft I pause  
To note the strangeness of it all,  
The throbbing hope. Is it because  
We know the heavens never fall?  
Is it because the sunken night  
Raises a brighter, grander day?  
But hope we will till heaven's flight  
Grasps our soul and soars away.

It matters not if o'er our path  
The thorns of life are thickly spread;  
We crave the flowers another hath,  
And hope till hope itself be dead.  
A fairer life we all expect  
To crown our years in later days.  
What selfish woes we would reject  
To turn to brightness all our ways.

A fair maid treading o'er the waste  
Finds in her wake a saddened dream;  
Hopes yet a sweeter draught to taste  
Of life's mysterious flowing stream.  
And he with crimes of leaden hues  
Hopes for a pardon, and respite  
From death's cruel terror, when reviews  
Sins that e'en look black in his sight.

In childhood's wreath the flower of hope  
Gleams brightly through the tender years;  
When withered, torn, the empty scope  
Bears buds seen through our falling tears.  
And thus the aged garden holds  
This plant renewed, when all is said  
To pluck, and bear beyond the folds  
For better die, when hope be dead.

---

## SOUL OF THE ARTIST.

Why list ye to that ethereal sound?  
What pleasures find in the heavenly strain?  
Have ye known of love, or sorrow, or pain?  
For without there is naught to be found.

Has Hope's dull grief or anguish ever been  
Added to thine earthly care?  
If such were but unsavoury food, I ken  
Why poets are so rare.

Though all life long, the tired soul sings  
Its woes; the doleful sound can but express  
One-half the tone of these sage triplets' weariness  
Heralders of Hope's defeat. From these the artist  
springs.

And if ye found but one sweet in thy sight  
Then marvel not that I play to-night.

---

## TO A BUTTERFLY.

Whither thou so bright and fair,  
Swimming thro' the rosy air?  
Dost thou seek for sweets, or what  
Else, or something that forgot?  
Thou art looking everywhere  
Peering yonder, here and there.

Aye! what artist deigned thy coat?  
 Flecked it gaily as the throat  
 Of a wren, with shrill rejoice;  
 Differs that thou hast no voice,  
 Save the motion of thy wings  
 Gliding to the honey springs.

Dainty, harmless as thou art  
 Couldst thou not have found a part  
 In the flowery climes ye fed  
 Where to rest thy weary head?  
 Or to bide thy tiny sails  
 Flashing thro' the flow'ret gales?

Which, of all the seasons here,  
 Dost thou sail for warmer sphere?  
 O'er the land or o'er the sea  
 Thou must sojourn tranquilly.  
 Naught excites thy pensive mood,  
 Soaring bright in solitude.

Flowery meads invite thee there  
 Where thy sister blossoms are  
 Lighting on the perfumed rose,  
 Dancing off without repose,  
 Where her dainty brethren meet  
 To the aster's cool retreat.

Do thy bright hues ever fade  
 Floating gaily thro' the glade?  
 Surely not, how could thy heart  
 Be so light, if from thee part  
 All thy mixtures, sages tell  
 Couldst thou, wouldst thou feel so well?

—

#### EVER THE SAME.

I wandered out one morn, and stood  
 Beneath the lonely elm tree  
 And wondered vaguely if it could—  
 So vaguely—if it could be she?

I saw no change, the sky looked fair,  
A dream of loveliness and rest;  
And birds were warbling everywhere—  
They mocked my sorrow with their zest.

My head I raised, a scalding tear  
Dropped noiseless down, with burning tread;  
Though blurred I saw the castle drear  
Where lay my darling, cold and dead.

And still the birds sang gently on,  
Though echoes sad o'er hearts did creep;  
'Tis thus they'll sing till life is done,  
And life will sing, when death must weep.

---

## PEACE.

My life was filled with visions,  
A useless, idle dream  
That swamped all peace Elysians  
And sank them in the stream

Whereon my barque lay floating,  
Laden with precious lore  
Of greatness, and with gloating  
Ambition at the oar.

It steered my vessel proudly,  
Till stranded on a reef  
Where waves roared long and loudly  
And brought my hopes to grief;  
  
Till winds veered down in seizures  
And sought the ship's release  
That bore away my treasures—  
But ah! it left me peace.

## THE HUNTER.

The long, dark river is winding  
 Through its sullen track afar;  
 The flash of its spray is blinding,  
 And its thunder, deafening war.

All is silent and lone between it  
 And the hut where the hunter lies.  
 The lengths of pine-wood screen it  
 Till the wrath of the storm-god dies.

High up the hunter is hiding  
 From where he can safe descry  
 The pace of one softly striding,  
 For a wandering panther is nigh.

So softly he treads, and slowly,  
 Unconscious is nearing his doom  
 With grace revolving, and lowly,  
 Nor seen through the deepening gloom.

The eyes of a watchful figure  
 Crouched low in the tangled trees,  
 With hand firm pressed on the trigger,  
 Speeds forth a life on the breeze.

Thus glide we through life's vast forest  
 Where the stream is sullen and low,  
 And by treading ways that are sorest  
 We creep both careless and slow

Till gleams of a watchful vision  
 We view with abated breath  
 Sunder our lives' cohesion,  
 And we know the hunter is Death.

## TONIGHT.

To-night I sit in the shadow,  
 To-night I sit by the sea,  
 Awaiting, awaiting the vision  
 That will never come back to me.

To-night I have felt my weakness,  
To-night I have known my youth  
Was slipping out of its armour  
And donning the wretched truth

Of age, and its yearning portion,  
As I sit by the sobbing sea,  
Bemoaning, bemoaning the chances  
That will never come back to me.

---

#### THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

The song of the blackbird is gay,  
As thrilled from the sycamore tree;  
And sweet is the lark's merry lay,  
But never as sweet can it be

As when love and I roamed together  
And heard the melodious tone  
From brakelets, and soft purple heather  
Where now I am roving alone.

The bloom of the bluebells is rare,  
Their fragrance is lasting and sweet;  
But for all I remember the care  
Which crushes the glories I greet.

So the blackbird may sing from his tree,  
And float his rich sonnets along,  
Awarbling his echoes; ah me!  
I hear but a sweet, mourning song.

---

#### THE LAPWINGS.

Upon a soft and marshy heath there stood  
A clustered flock, a noisy lapwing brood;  
And as I neared, around, about my head  
They circled close, and closer till they led  
My listless and my weary feet astray.  
"Pewit!" the lapwings cried, and soared away.

I patient followed, not to be outdone,  
As one with broken wing had slowly flown  
Across my path, and wandered aimless, near,  
Close to the ground, and by me here.  
I stooped to grasp him where he idly lay  
"Pewit!" the lapwing cried, and soared away.

Revealed the truth, when going back I found  
Some tiny nests half hidden on the ground,  
Which their keen artifice had sought to screen  
From spoiler's eyes, and cunning safety glean.  
To lead me past their structures' close array  
"Pewit!" the lapwings cried, and soared away.

---

## AD FINEM.

Is there one word, one look, one tone  
Of thine I have forgot?  
Though years have sped, and I alone  
Have wandered purposely and prone  
To seek retirement's spot.

Where in the depth of palmy vines  
Those murmurs I could lose,  
But 'neath the shade of scented pines  
The memory round them still entwines  
Nor crush it if I chose.

Ah! could I in my heart forget  
That blissful past again,  
Would not my life be happier set?  
Or else a pang it feels not yet  
Be added to its pain.

And thou alone, if I could know  
Still in thy heart a place  
Was kept, a heaven for me below  
Would ope, and on my life bestow  
A self-contented grace.

## THE POWER OF FATE.

Night's shadows lowered deep, and I alone  
Sat musing, idly journeying to worlds unknown.  
When lo! from out the silence came a sound  
Of murmured words. I heeded not the weird refrain  
That seemed but a phantasy of my dulled brain  
And exiled fancies stunned by thought's rebound.  
Did not a form rise from the mists and stand  
Exulting there, unshrinking by my side?  
Trembling, I strove to rise. In vain. The phantom hand  
Grasped mine and said, "I must with thee abide."

"I am cold sorrow, child, whom thou dost fear  
With thy whole strength. Thy cloudless past  
Shall shed no brightness o'er the future's cast  
I mould for thee." I wept and murmured, "Hear.

"I am so young, so fair, I bid thee go.  
I dare not contemplate a life of woe."  
He laughed my words to scorn, and answered, "Nay,  
Where'er thou go there will I go alway."

"O! travel not with me," I cried in pain,  
He smiling answered thus: "Dost thou not know  
That thro' the road of suff'ring thou shalt gain  
The Gates of Peace? This dismal earth below  
Shall seem to thee but a mere speck or seed,  
Where thou hast left thy thorns, poor, living weed."  
I sobbed again, and in the hours of night  
I begged for peace. "Alas! it cannot be.  
From out of darkened gloom must come the light;  
Such is our destiny.  
And thro' the suff'ring night comes glory's day."  
I slowly then and meekly bade him stay.

## FLEETING MOMENTS.

Tiny moments borne forever  
On the floating wings of time,  
Thrusting back sweet hopes they sever,  
Waft some nearer hopes sublime.

Short the hour, that seeming longer,  
 Bears a burden 'neath its drift.  
 Souls that crushed rise often stronger  
 From despair's huge gaping rift.

Strive thy duties with a holy  
 Countenance to meekly bear,  
 Tasks that great, or mean, or lowly,  
 Yield thee fruits if pruned with care.

Heed not life's departed sorrow,  
 Which perchance with careless tread  
 Crushed hopes; live for the morrow,  
 Raising other hopes instead.

Hail the bliss of living rightly  
 As a boon, and not a task;  
 Gather rays that hover brightly  
 'Neath the darkest cloudlet's cast.

On the sky of life's endeavor  
 Screening from us brightest view,  
 Shadows fade, nor last forever,  
 Leaving heaven's golden hue.

---

### THE SWALLOW.

A fluttering 'neath the eaves  
 Caused me to start, and lo! a swallow came  
 To join its mate, laden with rich hued leaves  
 And dampened earth, nor blame

Had I, for this slight architect,  
 Who framed his bower 'neath my o'erhanging shed.  
 Secure the tiny earth-wrought tent that could reject  
 The raindrops dashing on its head.

So should man frame the life  
 'Twas given him to mould in trust, and plan  
 His wordly faith, secure from wind and strife,  
 'Neath heaven's sheltering grace to man.

## DEAD ON THE VELD'T.

Dead on the lonely veldt  
Where the rippling Modder flows,  
Under a burning zone,  
Suffered they no one knows—  
Alone. Alone.  
Happy are they, and free  
From earth's turmoil.  
Restful far more than we  
Mourning through toil—  
Dead where their comrades dwelt.

Dead on the lonely veldt  
Where the rising moon, her rays  
Shed a bright glory o'er  
The calm, sepulchred ways  
Of Briton and Boer.  
Peaceful are they, no tears  
Be shed, where the Modder flows  
Bearing with it the years  
Of changeless, endless repose—  
Dead where their comrades dwelt.

—  
HOW CAN YE JUDGE?

How can ye judge? A noble mind  
May dwell the inmost heart within.  
Though scarred the features, and unkind  
They seem to those they fail to win.

How can ye judge? A massive soul  
May beam through eyes of faded hue.  
An intellect may yet unroll  
And raise to light its gifts of view.

How can ye judge? The winsome look  
May hide a frown of selfish care,  
That beaten to a sheltered nook,  
While others claim smile's presence there.

How can ye judge? The scheming brain  
And working mind be hid from sight.  
Then slight ye none in weak disdain,  
For saints may walk 'mid earth's dim light.

---

## IN THE END.

When winter winds speed forth each frosty night,  
And flowers and buds are wafted from our sight;  
When every glowing thing is buried deep  
In winter's cruel, cold, nocturnal sleep;  
Still gleam the stars unchanged, as bright as yore—  
So will our souls shine forth when all is o'er.

---

## CHILDHOOD.

Childhood bright and young and fair,  
Naught of trouble, naught of care,  
How I wish that I were there!

Let them laugh in mirth and glee;  
Nothing sweeter can there be  
Than a child's simplicity.

Do not spoil them, make them bold;  
You will rue it when they're old,  
From their manners, proud and cold.

Be yourself a child again,  
Share their sorrows, joy, or pain;  
Show the love that others feign.

Deck them not in jewels hence,  
Clothe them with their innocence;  
Such be pleasing recompense.

When their minds with anger move,  
Guide their thoughts to the Above,  
Strictly led with chains of love.

Be though firm with manner mild;  
Let no act pass and your child  
Will respect you undefiled.

Let no harsh word e'er descend  
On the helpless to defend;  
Be a parent and a friend.

Rather speak, in accents low,  
Gentle words that sink and flow  
Safely to the depths below.

Teach them to uphold the poor  
Seeking alms from door to door;  
Strive to aid them more and more.

Teach them others' failures call  
For assistance from them all,  
Rather than gloat o'er their fall.

Nothing selfish should be let  
Others' welfares to forget  
Ere their own are rightly set.

In the end, when life is low,  
You may safely let them go—  
Models of yourself will show.

---

## EVENING PSALM.

Softly now the shadows creep,  
The night is on.  
Soothe me well, O blessed sleep,  
Till coming dawn.

My weary limbs I now will rest  
With healthful doze;  
This slumber here is but a test  
Of death's repose.

The gleaming stars a vigil keep  
O'er my head,  
Like angel guardians, watch my sleep  
While in bed.

I beg of God my soul to save  
For Christ's sweet sake,  
Whiche'er side of the grave  
I may awake.

---

### THE PRISONER.

Slowly he walks, with folded hands  
And head bent low.  
He reverently kneels, then rises, stands.  
Why is it so?

Eight long years in iron bands.  
Death is so slow.  
All running out like desert sands,  
Years come and go.

With stately tread, and saintly mien  
His chaplain he awaits.  
The warden now is slowly seen  
To ope the gates.

His cell opes, the grating bound  
Sinks in his soul.  
Of iron tongues, that very sound  
His death will toll.

Through iron bars, the prisoner speaks  
In slow, sad strain,  
For escape now, he never seeks,  
He knows 'tis vain.

He listens well to hopeful words  
Not for this life;  
Words that entreat for his Lord's  
Help in the strife.

Through lonely nights, his vigils keep  
To watch the close  
Of life's remorse, while others sleep  
In sweet, calm repose.

With cares forgot, they slumber near,  
No wish to break  
Their troubled dreams, all will appear  
Worse when they awake.

His comrades stern deserve their lot,  
They sinned in vain;  
Of blemished life, he hath not  
Yet deserved a stain.

Some slumber well on iron cots,  
No thoughts to keep  
Their hardened hearts, with sinful spots  
Ever awake to weep.

The dawning morn recalls the time  
When life rose clear  
As silver trumpets o'er the clime  
Where all was dear.

The wind answers words of peace  
To his heart's cry—  
"If no hopes ever of release  
Then let me die!"

The sun floods his darkened cell  
With its bright rays,  
Bringing him back to earth's hell  
And its endless days.

His little earth wherein to breathe  
Of life's foul breath  
There are none who will wreath  
His brow in death.

---

#### BOYHOOD.

O! to roam through the grassy woodland  
When the dew lies on every spray  
To greet the warm sun on his errand  
Of chasing the tear-drops away.

To hear the young squirrels' gay chatter,  
As noisily perched on a bough  
Screams defiance at boyhood's light patter  
That 'neath him is ranged in a row.

To see the bright fishes dart thither,  
As though the cruel hook would decoy  
And leave the quaint tidbit to wither  
Like the hopes of the fisherman boy.

A blessing upon his gay features,  
Though tanned be his cheek, and his eyes  
With merriment passing all creatures,  
The same boundless realm decries.

And far through the soft, downy clover  
His laughter is heard for a mile,  
As under the fences and over  
He speeds with the same joyous smile.

A stranger to books and to learning,  
He revels in great nature's plan,  
And gleans from the wilds with a yearning  
Surpassing the wisdom of man.

What covert too great for his cunning  
To eke out the prisoner inside?  
With gun, and with dog by him running,  
The tenants of forest defied.

To note the red star-birds' frail quiver  
Alighting on branches and vine,  
As trilling forth thanks to the Giver  
For the fruits which around him entwine.

Or down through the blackberry ridges,  
Where purpling o'er crevice and rock,  
A-chasing the shy hornet midges  
Or mocking the wild brooklet's talk

Sped I oft in the warm, glowing weather,  
When rosy lights gleamed on the pink,  
And soft drowsy ferns cared not whether  
They slumbered, or leaned o'er the brink.

Plied my spade in the soft, level furrows,  
Or raked with the laborers at hay,  
Closed the home which the brown woodchuck burrows,  
Nor wearied, for work was mere play.

Saw the robin's wee cherubs each morning  
Dropped crumbs for the sparrows at play;  
Gave chase to the fireflies adorning  
The apple trees over the way.

Grew grave with my elders at tea-time,  
Held gravity at my command;  
Thought that manners and speech were sublime,  
And yet at the moment expand

Into gay, silvery laughter of boyhood  
That knew not a care nor a pain;  
And there where the bright linchens stood  
I oft wander in visions again.

And see not the deep, dusty highway,  
Or the noise of a proud moving world  
Dins in my ears, but a child's play  
Back on the calm air is whirled.

How strange the most innocent queries  
Still chase their refrain in my mind,  
When blemished with nuts and with cherries  
I craved for the thoughts of mankind.

A thousand such echoes of pleasure  
Roam over my fancies at will,  
Till I wonder and ask at my leisure  
Whose fault we are not children still?

---

## OBLIVION.

Deep in the clay where the willow weeps near thee,  
Away from me, love, though our spirits are twain,  
The twilights have deepened, but never dost fear thee  
The shriek of the tempest or roar of the main.

Alone would I dwell on the past's luring fancy;  
 Alone would I grieve o'er the heart's endless wail;  
 But others must share in the joys that enhancy  
 My thoughts, though so empty, that cover the pale.

O heart that I cherish 'neath blossoms of heather,  
 O eyes where I gazed and saw life's fairer side;  
 And things that thou loved, dear, I worshipped them  
 whether  
 Their natures were ugly or chilled by the tide.

No light in my pathway has gleamed since thou left me;  
 Though flowers bloom in radiance, the dark earth is  
 chill;  
 And through memories' torture has grief oft bereft me  
 Of senses that glow in the firmament still.

And now do I know how existence is nourished  
 With the calm of despair and a future beyond.  
 The truths now so plain that I once mocked uncherished,  
 Teach me to live, to thy sweet life respond.

Though June has oft wandered, a sweet glowing vision,  
 Caressing its portal with garlands of hope,  
 Ah! cold anniversary, when thou sought thine Elysian  
 And left me alone with life's anguish to cope.

Though I leave thee, fond bosom, my aching heart never  
 Will roam from thy side in its sorrow and pain  
 And forget thee. O anguish! the bonds I must sever,  
 Or how could I dwell in this cold world again?

---

#### THE EMPTY CHAPEL.

I enter the chapel at mid-day;  
 Alas! she is not there.  
 From the western window, no ray  
 Gleams on her waving hair.

My heart fails with memory's entrance—  
 'Twas here I knelt by her side,  
 Praying for strength and deliverance  
 From faults her pure nature defied.

With sorrow how vainly we grapple  
Till grief overcomes us in floods.  
Alas! my heart and the chapel  
Forever are twin empty voids.

---

## THE MAPLE FOREST.

We loitered to the maple woods  
That bound our meadow lea  
And o'er the leaves and flowers and buds  
The sun shone bright and free.

The soothing winds half calmed our fears,  
That childhood's efforts vain  
Are wont to throw with strangled tears  
O'er hedge, and field, and plain.

Beyond a clump of firs, there rose  
With mingled shrieks, a partridge brood;  
We broke their noiseless noonday doze,  
And nerves that chained us where we stood.

We paused upon the mossy bank  
That skirts the tiny waste  
Of babbling brook, which rose and sank  
And left a fresher draught to taste.

How still it seemed! The drowsy tone  
Of humming gadflies stirred the breeze.  
I almost longed to be alone  
And hear the sighing of the trees.

Woodpeckers drummed upon the bark  
Of ancient giants' pitted lobes,  
Which towered above us stiff and stark,  
Like monarchs in their festal robes.

A spirit of delight was there,  
Infusing magic happiness sweet  
That joined its hands and breathed a prayer  
To guard us in our cool retreat.

Strange our peace and strife are bound,  
Linked by nature's calm;  
O'er our lives, and o'er the mound  
Nature doth the wounds embalm.

A glassy pool lay on the ground,  
Reflecting trees and sky,  
Like mermaids' caves that underground  
Are girdled from on high.

We bathed our hands, and laughed with glee,  
As sparkling raindrops threw,  
That gleamed on leaf and stem and tree  
And grass like silvery dew.

The youthful daffodils had grown  
To stately height and power,  
That scorned his beeship's steady drone  
And entrance to their bower.

A boundless depth of light appeared,  
Infusing earth and sky,  
Then sank behind the clouds that reared  
And like a noiseless human sigh

Dyed grass and shrubs a vivid green,  
Wherein the dark earth rolled  
Like waves of land that move unseen  
To join the ocean cold.

To every deep-veined leaf was lent  
A richer hue of tender green,  
That with its autumn tints was blent  
A mixture like a fairy queen.

The picture changed, but with it came  
A rumbling o'er the place we stood;  
The wilds stirred not, we thought so tame,  
Nor thrilled the monarchs of the wood.

The mountain view crept nearer still,  
As through the glade the windstorm crept  
And chased before it leaves, until  
They wandered where the maples slept.

Sweet thoughts of rest and joy combined  
Should harbor e'en in such a place.  
O! had I now the tranquil mind  
And glade, what would they not efface?

The calm that broods o'er such a spot  
Be welcome, though our natures are  
Strangers; woes that soon forgot  
Need no Elysium to soothe their care.

Unwelcome clouds draw night's array,  
And now a shade o'er earth is cast;  
Its brightness vanish ere we pray  
That such a day could always last.

---

#### OLD AGE.

Like sunbeams engulfed in night's passing shade,  
So doth old age creep nigh; like gentle sighs  
Lulling the troubled spirit which never dies  
With Eternal softness, and sparkling eyes fade,  
While the over-sensitive heart from slights each day  
Reveals some weakness, that scorning, to impatience led  
Us to forget their helplessness but meekly paves the way,  
And falt'ring limbs are treading ways we yet must tread.

---

#### LITTLE THINGS.

I threw a stone, 'twas a little thing,  
But ah! it broke the tiny wing  
Of a wood-brown thrush as it joyous sped  
Across the leaves of the pansy bed.

I spoke a word, 'twas a small thing vain,  
But it almost broke a heart in twain;  
Two lives I had spoilt by a careless act,  
Small it may be but a dismal fact.

Never to speak what others may rue,  
Never to throw to a distant view;  
For words may aim at an aching heart,  
And stones pierce wings with a fatal dart.

## THE SLEEPERS OF THE VALLEY.

They laid them down in the valley warm,  
Where winds sweep not, secure from harm,  
What envious rest from the mountain's storm.

The summer days are cool and dry,  
As the creeping of winds go slowly by  
To cheer their rest, when noon draws nigh.

The winding river that journeys on  
Disturbs them not, for its race be run  
Ere their rest is troubled, time will be done.

A cry of swallows is heard near by,  
Causing a whirr as they swiftly fly,  
That turns the violets breath to a sigh.

Brown butterflies cling to the goldenrod,  
That under their weight bends nearer the sod;  
But never a sign of earth that is trod.

Twilight's curtain may fall and hide  
The view of the lonely mountain side,  
But those weary companions still there abide.

Wrapped in a fleecy cloud, the moon  
Steals from the sloping hill and goes on  
Into the dusk of a buried sun.

To twinkle the night stars gently come,  
As if to guide the wanderers home  
To the beautiful valley where none may roam.

The night-owl hoots from under the hill;  
Through day the sound of a robin's trill  
Should rouse their voices so mute and still.

A wandering gull from the lonely lake  
Swoops gently down on a reedy brake,  
Its quivering form ne'er their slumbers wake.

But in the valley so sweet and fair  
Is a resting place for whom enter there,  
And a tranquil peace, so calm and rare.

## GOLDIE.

She came thro' the clouds of a faultless day;  
My angel, I called her, when seen.  
She went in the night, when kneeling to pray  
I called her my fair sainted queen.

I taught her lessons for seven short years,  
But she gave me most in return;  
Sweet violet eyes, so unshadowed by tears,  
Save when sympathy in them would burn.

She taught me the lesson of love that flows  
Through the channel of treachery, thin.  
None can teach wisdom as firmly as those  
Who know not of evil or sin.

She taught me to love in a way divine  
Each mortal of earth wherefore known;  
Taught me to seek with no worldly design  
The friendship of each. My little one's flown.

Ay! flown to the realm where joyously feels  
All the happiness she thought in life's dream;  
And now understand I my Saviour's appeals,  
Why like children, we ever should seem.

---

## AT ANCHOR.

When idle winds drive forth the sails at noonday,  
I would they turn to me for sport;  
And with the same unconscious smile drift me away  
And land me in some toil-forgotten port.  
Refreshing waves would lap my weary feet  
And cast their restful spell athwart again,  
Soothing the heart's drear moan, while murmurs greet  
Their selfsame echoes in the tired brain.  
From earth's dull aspect turn I to the waves,  
Beholding constant ardor; friendship dies  
And mocks the power, once holding secret's caves,  
Now doomed to wander forth and ruin ties.  
Yon ebbing tides that sink and rise again  
May mock the troubled mind but give no pain.

## THE LONG AGO.

The moonbeams slept on a grassy mound  
Where the silver dewdrops lay,  
And dried with their glow on the mossy ground  
The bright glistening tears away.

And said, "Weep not, for the morn is near,  
And the night be sunk in woe;  
Your grief be saved for the coming year,  
Not spent on the long ago."

---

## MEMORY'S ECHO.

Hark! the storm is loudly roaring,  
Voices wailing through its din;  
But to me they bring no comfort,  
Sitting silent, lone within.  
Draw my chair to the fireside,  
Holding in my hand a toy,  
But within its sacred precincts  
Lurks yet my once greatest joy.

Flowers now so old and faded  
That their perfume all is gone,  
Save what memory casts around them,  
And its halo can atone.  
Aye! not nature, but the wearer  
Shows their petals' blooming zest;  
And the knowledge that I stole them  
As they dropped from one proud breast

Dare enhance their precious beauty  
As I fondle them to-night.  
Ah! the touch, could it repay me  
For the scorn and maddening slight  
That I oft endured in silence  
While you smiling passed me by,  
Then to see another raptured  
With the hopes that once seemed nigh?

And to hear the low-voiced murmurs,  
Some with pity, some in scorn,  
Framed my future with your absence  
Did I wish I ne'er was born?  
Blame me not if reason left me,  
Calmer since I have become;  
But those speakers oft I wonder  
Could they e'er have felt my doom?

Else their sympathy should followed  
And their pity silence told.  
What cared I for cruel opinions?  
I whose life had turned so cold.  
I whose light had turned to darkness,  
Smothered in the joyous smile  
That you gave another's whisper,  
Yet I saw, and lived the while.

And to-night I feel the anguish  
As I did long, long ago;  
But few knew, my pride held captive  
Tears that oft would overflow.  
Yet I prayed that you might ever  
Happiness find though far from me.  
Blossoms withered seek your casket  
With the hopes so like to thee.

---

TO A ROBIN.

Thou art free, thou art free,  
Bird of mortality,  
Unenvious, bright,  
Thou dost welcome all light.

Thy song is divine,  
As 'tis free of design;  
No triumph is sought,  
But when finished forgot.

Sweet unisoned powers  
That grafted in bowers,  
Serene in thy pleasure  
Thou sing'st at leisure.

Pray lend us thy note  
 And thy silver-lined throat;  
 Dost think 'twould be waste  
 If thou loaned us a taste

Of thy warm sparkling joy?  
 Would it murmurs destroy?  
 And a charm sweet ensue  
 Both the emblem of you.

Or would it be fraught  
 With our distressing lot?  
 Sweet birds of a name,  
 Thou'rt not looking for fame.

For thou know'st its worth,  
 Thou sublimest of earth;  
 In songs thou dost teach  
 What mortals would reach.

That fail to respond  
 To their efforts so fond,  
 And tho' bird of the air  
 Thou'rt richer in prayer

Than the monarchs of earth,  
 Than of pride's kingly birth.  
 Though riches has not  
 In thine efforts been sought.

Nothing owned thou hast all,  
 So near heaven canst fall;  
 Thy riches we prove  
 In thine innocence and love.

---

#### THE BOAT RIDE.

Our barque glides smoothly o'er cresting waves,  
 Tossing the foam back in watery graves.  
 The sails are set, for the wind is clear,  
 As idly we rove o'er the glassy floor  
 Whose mirrored extension is culled by the oar,  
 Which sweeping us onward will land at the pier.

The moon rides high in her vast domain,  
And the stars as courtiers follow her train,  
While sulph'rous moths with a drowsy hum  
Encircle the rays of light, insum  
That shadow us far through the murky tide,  
Uprising like billows on every side;  
Till gleaned from our sight, the waves below  
Are vested in darkness, which overthrow  
Aladdin's lamp with a noiseless crash,  
While hearing above it the waters dash.

Gaunt bats encircle our heads with ease  
And flap like living sails in a breeze,  
And the whip-poor-will in a tuneless strain  
Sings his never-ending refrain;  
While rudely mocking his grim lament,  
The night-owl echoes with grimmer content.  
Far from the depths of an unknown waste  
We heard the beetle's horn as we passed,  
As gliding slowly through meadow and lea,  
Where water-sprites mingle in innocent glee,  
And laugh with the water's unechoing mirth,  
Which never finds sympathy on this cold earth.

Fireflies flash in a mingled dream  
Of darkness, and sunlight's varying beam  
Hither with mingled scorn, and o'er.  
The intrepid glow-worms upon the shore,  
They wander in and out in a mass,  
Lighting the dismal glens as they pass.  
The mists have departed to catch their rest,  
Ere the rising sun with a pitiless hand  
Peeps over the purple mountain's crest  
And sweeps them on with a blazing wand.

---

#### THE WORLD'S INJUSTICE.

The moon be sunk 'neath yonder envious clouds,  
Obscuring rays that might have graced a diadem  
Had they been polished; whilst jostling crowds  
Would bow before the shrine enclosing them.

'Tis thus the world's vast peopled obvious height  
Hides from her gaze obscured with malice' dart  
A brilliant mind, and wastes its wild delight  
On a gilded cask, that holds a thoughtless heart.

---

### DEJECTION.

The day is bright, the earth seems fair;  
A mellow light is on the sea.  
Green herbs and wooded mountains wear  
An after-shower's transparency,  
While all their crested summits bear  
Expectant hush of evening air,  
Which drives the housing bats to nest  
Far from the city's fretful rest.

I see the ocean's heaving breast  
Bared to the sweeping, wandering breeze  
That timidly hovers o'er it lest  
Its caresses awaken the angry seas.  
The moving waves, with a hiss and groan,  
Mock the world in their hollow tone,  
That thrilling through me tells my fate  
To deafened ears now all too late.

Alas! all joy in life is gone!  
How hard Past struggled ere it fled.  
The peace now on my brow was won  
Through hopes once cherished, but now dead.  
While passing by I view life's waste,  
As those within its pleasures taste;  
In them, though knowing not of grief,  
I see the wraith of former self.

But now e'en pain is soft and mild,  
Like billows breaking on the beach;  
Sweet calm succeeds their murmurs wild,  
When taught the lore they came to teach.  
And hope's despair has risen now—  
Yea! left its seal upon my brow,  
That furrowed with a life long care  
Has sown the seed of judgment there.

My years are wasted, and I feel  
    Untimely age, though scarce has set  
The sun's bright gleam of youth's appeal,  
    Which hovering round avails me yet.  
One slender hope, one vague desire,  
That mine existence' wrathful fire  
Burn out complaints with lightning sheen,  
And live the past, that might have been.

---

## A DREAM.

I dreamed I wandered thro' a sunlit grove  
    Carpeted with moss. 'Twas all so fair  
That peace was immortal, and happiness, love  
    And entwined old oaks lent example rare  
To fellow-beings wandering in their way,  
Nor did their close proximity lead astray.

There grew sweet-scented clover, and hawthorn,  
    Mingling in sweet companionship, along  
The grassy knolls; their birthplace, born  
    Within the radius of harebells, and among  
Lofty sunflowers, whose golden mitres bore  
Traces of the sunshine's brilliant ore.

Violets raised their blue eyes to the sky,  
    That mocked them with its azure hue;  
And cowslips nodded to the daisies' sigh,  
    As timidly fluttering was wafted through  
A sense of rest and peace, which often steals  
Unasked, unsought, thro' memories one feels.

Life is unlike the marvels that I dreamed,  
    Or visions seen thro' eyes' vast canopy;  
For higher still, or so it seemed,  
    Was I uplifted. Albeit with the Deity  
I moved not yet, altho' on higher plane  
Than earth's vast level, or boundless main.

And hedgerows beamed with luscious eglantine,  
    Spreading its tendrils soft to catch the stem  
Of gnarled old cedar, and columbine  
    Which hoarded with pine needles caught the hem,

And wafted forth its blossoms swathed in sheen  
Of purple mignonette and ivy green.

Then yonder near the river's margin wide  
There grew anemones and pennons white,  
Streaked with the purple tints on every side,  
And turning darkness to a silvery light  
Which spurned the stars and caught reflection's glow,  
Gleaming beneath the polished surface far below

And floating waterlilies, with transparent gaze.  
Shed incandescent beams of watery light  
Thro' shadowless dells formed in the haze  
Of unseen fog, and shades of misty night.  
Tho' gathered there invisible, obstruct array  
Ere I had time to pluck a huge nosegay.

---

#### THE FADED MAYFLOWERS.

Grieve not that thy lives are done,  
Or plucked from the mossy bed  
Where thou once slumbered, but now art gone  
To a place unknown with a noiseless tread.

A lifeless and withered heap now lies  
In a gilded vase on a marble shelf;  
For a few short hours it gladdened the eyes  
Of others I loved beside myself;

Complaining not of their wearisome lot,  
Teach me a lesson I fain would spread  
Thro' the fields where murmurs are pruned and wrought,  
Nor heed the odors a flower may shed.

---

#### TWILIGHT.

Twilight has come; the martens are asleep,  
The drowsy bats fit through the silent air;  
The croaking voice of frogs rise from the deep,  
And twilight's tones make answer everywhere.  
All calm, sweet sounds are blended now in glee,  
Which make with one accord, a world of harmony.

## THE VIOLET.

In a mossy dell a sweet violet grew,  
Lashed by the hail and kissed by the dew.  
So modest it was, grass covered the flower,  
That made no feint to escape from its bower.  
And the sun shone down in his pitiless strength,  
And withered the blossom, and mocked till at length  
The gentle flower drooped, and smiling in pain  
It waited till sunset, and then rose again.

---

## SOLITUDE.

The clouds are creeping fast along yon sky.  
No tangled shreds be left behind to throw  
Discord twixt the stars and moon, that lie  
Serenely sleeping, unrestricted by the world below.  
Now solitude creeps forth with noiseless tread,  
Tremblingly, longingly, as might the dead.

The day that rose up gaily bright this morn  
Now seeks its slumbers in earth's mossy bed;  
Places its form carefully, lest any poisonous thorn  
Pollutes its rest, and scorns the vials fed,  
The potent charm, so mocking leads astray  
Our feelings, fancies, wishing here to stay.

What softened tone is this that stealing past  
Disturbs my dreams and makes me sadder yet?  
Is it the voice of one whose spirit cast  
To the wild wind now warns me to forget?  
And scorning memory's voice so weakly vain,  
Longs to warble dim echoes in the brain.

Inaudibly a sound thrills through my form,  
And like helmed forces stems the vaulted waves  
Of feeling, that soaring sharp to a solemn storm  
Now hush the senses in their tranquil graves;  
And nameless peace reigns round unmixed with dread,  
Where we sit breathing thoughts spellbound and dead,

How oft in loving fancy do our senses sleep  
And dream, and then awake to living tones

Of ecstasy; like half-strung lyres that weep  
 And laugh, and talk with hidden groans  
 Of mockery, touched with stern and unaccomplished  
 hands  
 That yield no sweet caressing opiate wands.

Thus softened life is sweet, and silence blent  
 With our immortal woes, shrines never fall  
 Save from the light'ning tempests heaven-sent,  
 Or secrets deep interred in envy's walls.  
 So with a new-born peace we linger mutely by,  
 And feel an awful hush of what expectancy.

---

#### SIGNS OF AUTUMN.

By the dreary, falling mist,  
 Creeping o'er the azure sky,  
 When to peckers' drums I list,  
 Do I know the Autumn's nigh.  
 Through the murky, shadowed meadow  
 Lies its fleecy, pallid shadow.  
 Sleeping side by side with beauty,  
 And like winter softens duty.

A cooling zephyr fills the air;  
 Not a wind and scarce a motion  
 Left to stir the branches bare,  
 Or to fret the sleeping ocean.  
 But the alders by the river  
 Raise their drooping forms and quiver,  
 With the atmosphere encroaching  
 In their silent forests poaching.

Quaint attired in amber hues,  
 Purple, mauve and scarlet waves  
 Mock the fairest painted views,  
 Touched the same on hill and caves.  
 When the waters, restless leaping,  
 Waken from their foamy sleeping,  
 See each faultless grace bestowing  
 In the depths so lifelike glowing.

Hours seem shorter now each day,  
Sooner creep the tints of eve;  
Autumn's slumber holds its sway,  
Time so narrow doth it leave.  
Scarce is left us space for seeing  
Fairy beauties, ere they fleeing  
To the winter's wildernesses,  
All those gleaming, golden tresses.

Now the forest shades do lie  
Calm and tranquil in their rest;  
Now the squirrels do we spy  
As each corner they infest.  
But the hunter's gun is booming  
As he wanders careless, dooming  
Each sage deer, that antler'd bounding  
Shakes the woods with its resounding.

Now the fisher plies his net  
Deep beneath the shallow pool;  
Scon the finny herds forget  
Lessons of the aquarium school.  
As the trawl is lowered for binding  
Precious mariners in its winding,  
Learn to think with trap ascending  
Man's great cunning, and pretending.

All along the ground is strewn  
Chinquapins, and weedy rushes,  
Logs and tops as yet unhewn,  
Hinder progress through the bushes.  
But the restless sun is sinking  
O'er the evening's quiet blinking;  
Solemnly 'neath clouds 'tis steering,  
So I know the Autumn's nearing.

---

#### THE TIDE OF YEARS.

The tide is rolling on the beach,  
The flurried boatman's echoes fade;  
With nervous haste, the currents reach  
Their destination's grim arcade.

Ah! weary time, whose patient tread  
Seems longing for the final day  
To crush the waves, beneath, o'erhead,  
When earth and sun shall pass away.

For every day through ceaseless years  
Thy waves have sparkled in the glow  
Of sunshine, and through changing tears,  
Which pleased God's Angel to bestow.

What changes drear, and pleasant dreams,  
Commingled in the sunset's ray,  
The ripple of a thousand streams  
Each moving scene could scarce portray

The same things since the earth has been  
A moving power of God's decree;  
The things that have, and will again—  
Bow to the kingdom's destiny.

Each changing season, night of frost,  
And day with warm, unceasing showers,  
Succeed the wandering morn, now lost  
And autumn treads on summer's flowers.

Each golden sheaf of wheat is seen  
More gilded by the dying sun,  
Than ever waves of years hath been,  
When life and all its cares are done.

And Winter's fine, embalming sphere  
Shall course its path along the shore,  
Nor shall escape the frosty bier  
That bears earth's treasures on before.

But man alone shall view each scene,  
And yet of thanks shall harbor not;  
Accustomed to the same routine,  
He ever owns what nature bought.

His childhood's eye has delved the space  
Of nature, through each vanished age,  
And from their limits, face to face,  
The last reflects the primal page.

The funeral and the bridal hour  
Have oft been set within the time  
Of fate, which crossed their different power  
And tears with laughter blended rhyme.

The weak and strong, the pomp and show  
Of riches, brushed the beggar's pride  
Some sank them in the stream below  
While others struggled with the tide.

'Tis fate the stream has for its course,  
'Tis fate that borders on its bank;  
And God's good will that bounds the source  
Unmindful so of world or rank.

---

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not the world by one false wretch,  
But rather seek for deeper trust  
Within a heart, whose truth will teach  
The soul of faith, and soul of dust.

We love the rose no less, because  
One of its comrades fade and shrink,  
And breathes decay, where blemish gnaws  
The clinging bud, and breaks the link.

---

TRUE GENIUS.

A genius is the man who knows  
How well to use what God bestows.  
No matter be it loss or gain,  
He sees his sunshine through the rain.

---

THE HONOR ROLL.

When history great unrolls its name  
What powerful one will head the same?  
What benefactors known or missed  
Shall stand the highest on the list?

A menial's name, if truth be told,  
May show above his master bold;  
And men of fame, with laurels crowned  
May rest their guerdons on the ground.

The one whose sacrifice had borne  
Her aged parents, old and worn  
Through fitful toil, her youth suppressed  
Should stand far higher than the rest.

And many owners of the world  
Shall from their lofty thrones be hurled,  
To be usurped by those instead  
Whom oft defrauded they of bread.

The millionaire of haughty taste  
May find his false acquirements waste;  
And those his station taught below  
His grade may rise, and scorn him now.

The rich employer's stinted meed  
To those who aptly stood in need,  
May turn and crush his passing slight,  
And meet his bow with scornful light.

But those will live in honor's roll  
Who taught the heart and loved the soul,  
As brethren all, whose influence tried  
To win the world to justice' side.

---

#### VOICES IN THE WIND.

Wailing voices in the wind—  
Some are harsh, and some are kind;  
Some are false, while others true  
Waft a message back to you;  
Some are mourning, some are glad,  
As your life is gay or sad.

## THE PICTURE.

Smilingly she stands with timid grace,  
Yet eager to uphold a charming face  
And look her best, so sweet, so mild,  
We know not if 'tis saint or child.  
Through curtains draped of gauzy fold,  
A radiant vision we behold—  
Withal suppressed, but that to please.  
A form of childish, graceful ease  
Leans careless o'er, a rippling smile  
Upon the face, no frowns defile.  
Shall she thus stand till life is done  
So calm, beneath each changing sun?  
To pose without effect's restraint,  
And thro' the child reveal the saint.

---

## ATTRACTION.

We long to gaze at eyes we love,  
As with some line of subtle grace  
We feel a thrill and scarce can move  
Our thoughts beyond the treasured place.

---

## BE TRUE.

Be true in pain, adversity, and woe,  
And wrong thee none to spite another foe.  
Know in the end, if trample selfish hate,  
And keep thy self respect, and conquer fate,  
And prove thy noble manhood, where most cower,  
None will, none can resist thy supreme power.

---

## BY OTHERS.

We screen our lives with every care—  
Each hidden act and envious look;  
We feel so safe, until some book  
We ope, and lo! our lives are there,  
Written by others.

## STRATEGY.

The clever man, through wiles and learning,  
Pursues deceit as boldly can,  
And leaves wise men with truth's discerning  
To read between each scheming plan.

---

## LIVING SORROW.

Whole anguish to our vague surmise  
Leaps unreproved from heart to eyes.  
Death's grief subsides, and leaves no trace,  
But living sorrows line the face.

---

## COMPENSATION.

I would suffer once that I might sing  
Of endless joys. The bird upon its tiny wing  
Has lost its mate, none can condole—  
And now it sings with voice and soul.

---

## THE EARTH.

Beautiful as the stars are beautiful, and pure,  
So earth rolls round usurping her own space.  
Proud of the celestial spheres her noble shadows lure  
Toward the sunshine gleaming o'er her upturned face.  
Strangely she looks at her image, like an innocent child,  
Wondering what innocence is like, and she  
So noble from her untouched realm, so mild  
And calm within herself, no wish could be  
So plainly written on unsullied landscape drear  
At that vast height, where tempests onward winged  
with fear  
Regaining glory's strife wherewith our all is crowned  
To crush, exterminate, the clouds which hedge us in  
Beyond the starry world, and like the earth's rebound  
To light, and love, crush out the endless, deathless sin.

## INDISCRETION.

I dare not let my thoughts linger around thee,  
To crush them out is still my daily aim;  
To let the vipers sting, and all surround me,  
Would be to lure me back from whence I came.

---

## THE PRICE OF A JEWEL.

I held a precious jewel in my hand,  
Scintillating with rays of light; so grand  
Was it, the lustrous gem drew all in sight,  
And even their souls were dazzled by its light.  
For it a life was spent, a noble soul  
Poured out its treasured, vast, unearthly whole;  
For it a heart was crushed in youthful age,  
Like spear of grass between the cultured page  
Of Wisdom's book; for it a kingdom gave  
Her power of arms, her crested shields, her brave.  
And now so carelessly I held it, dropped, and fell  
When showed its clefted ore, an empty shell—  
And it was fame.

---

## IN VAIN.

He lays him on his bier, I weep  
The empty tears of fate;  
For if not that, how could he sleep  
And I with grief prostrate?  
The tears now falling from my eyes  
Could ne'er the truth restore,  
For if he knew, but mild surprise  
He deemed so false, before,  
  
Would gleam from eyes in angry scorn,  
And on my head provoke  
The wrath of words, so cruelly torn  
From one sad heart now broke.  
O! cease those weak, upbraiding tears,  
And let the past be done.  
Close up those joyous, happy years,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

## MEMENTOES.

I saw a child with streaming curls  
 Crushed on his low, white brow;  
 Soft, dimpled hands, whose cunning twirls  
 No roses mid them now.

I saw a mother, pale and worn,  
 Clasp to her breast a thread  
 Of golden hair, but last week shorn  
 From off her sleeping dead.

I saw a youth of noble mien  
 With conscious tread and grace  
 Of manhood's power, beheld, unseen  
 He lacked of soul, no trace.

I saw a parent old and gray,  
 Bowed down with weight of years,  
 Unfold a likeness, kneel and pray  
 Through sobs and piteous tears.

And o'er it all I viewed a God  
 Entreating silent, "Come to Me.  
 Believe in faith, nor mourn the sod;  
 I hold your treasures not in fee."

—  
DESOLATION.

I am lone, but through the gloaming  
 Sweeps a voice of saddened dreaming.  
 Sad I wish it when it roaming  
 Comes to me with memory's seeming.  
 I may smile, and think thee near me,  
 Joyful smile, and end in sighing;  
 I may call, and beg thee hear me,  
 So I'll call thee when I'm dying.

When no thought of mine can reach thee,  
 Will its memory, haunting ever,  
 Bear the love I fain would teach thee  
 On the wing of truth's endeavor?

Will thy looks with fervent meaning  
Brighten for another fairer,  
And thine eyes so ripple, leaning  
O'er a forehead younger, rarer?

Will thy smile be frank as ever  
When no smile of mine can greet thee?  
And agree with fates that sever  
Never, never more to meet thee.  
Sure thy heart could never fail so,  
When my all to thee was given;  
Thoughts unjust, forbid thee, rail so  
Ere that comes I pray for heaven.

---

## TIME.

When in the beginning of time  
For the world was borrowed a day,  
And night with a ceaseless rhyme  
Speeding us on to decay.  
Grief, as a solace for tears,  
Love as a comfort for life,  
And death with its endless fears  
Bearing us on in the strife.  
Laughter, and echoes of laughter  
Maddening the world with its din  
Before us, behind us, and after  
Quitting this palace of sin.  
And oft the coming of laughter  
Shadows tears and troubles  
As storms on the ocean after  
Pursue the mimicking bubbles.  
Pleasure and pain united  
Through a ceaseless drift of years,  
Anger, and hatred righted  
Without the folly of tears.  
Pain with its crushing burden,  
Smiles in their maddening rift,  
Raising hopes like a guerdon—  
Hopes to be dashed at a lift.  
Brave with a meaning motion  
That the wide world sees and hears,

Over the earth and the ocean  
Where the wild wind hurls and veers.  
Weak, with nothing to fight  
    Hate that bears us away—  
With day the screener of night,  
    And night the screener of day.  
Fire and water hath wasted  
    The scheming spirit of man,  
And triumphs and glories hath tasted  
    That failed on humanity's span.  
Desire may dwell in the heart  
    And energy dwell in the brain,  
Yet gleams of a lightning dart  
    Will tear the tempest in twain.  
Back with remembrance's vision,  
    Back to the cares of night;  
E'en love with her balmed Elysian  
    Fails to hinder the flight.  
Sorrow, and bliss, and death  
    Blend with our pain as leaven,  
Stealing even our breath  
    To waft us onward to heaven.

---

## LIGHTNING STORM.

The flash, the lightning flash,  
    Dreary, and blinding, and still—  
How it creeps with the noisy crash  
    Down from the crest of the hill.  
Hark! how the hemlocks groan  
    Through the startled din prevailing,  
With a weary, desolate moan  
    Like a tired invalid wailing.  
O varying wind, give mirth  
    To the ceaseless, pitiless rain,  
And gladden its weeping birth,  
    While changing the weird refrain  
Of a million unechoing drops  
    Laboring far from their dearth;  
Guide them to where anguish stops,  
    Mourn not for this tragic earth.

## WHAT THOU KNOW'ST.

Thou know'st all, and know'st it well,  
But to thee yet I fain would tell  
This fact, that skiped thy thoughts galore—  
Didst thou know less, thou wouldest know more.

---

## TO A SWAN.

Where through the glistening wave?  
While glow the waters with the rosiness of dawn,  
Swift 'neath the silver foam, thy soft feet lave  
And float thee on.

Nearby the world admires  
And notes the liquid grace whereby thou moves,  
As with slow motion that never tires  
Nor weariness behooves.

Seest thou the lilies white?  
So dazzling fair, near edge of rippling stream  
Mocked by the fairer splendor that thy sight  
Sheds o'er the sunset's gleam.

How with thy white sails furled  
Thou floats along as barques do joyous roam,  
Leaving where the waters round thee curled  
A path of trackless foam.

How long thy loving glance  
Be wafted o'er the cringing river's tide?  
Not long thy noble beauty will enhance  
Nor linger on the ocean side

Or wilt thou journey on  
Through day and night, till thou hast found  
A place of rest, where gleaming, golden dawn  
Forever will abound?

At last I see thy form,  
That being gently driven from my sight,  
Beholds me pleading One to quell the storm  
And guide me in my flight.

## ON THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

O! wilds grim and dark spread the continent o'er,  
When Folly selects for thy guide and ideal;  
To shorten the way to both island and shore,  
Go choose ye the one to whom sufferings appeal.

Though dreadfully coarse with apparel of rags,  
The true heart inside of that ugly abode  
May trip the vast wilderness, hew down the crags,  
And lead thee triumphant to happiness' true road.

There sweetly forgetting all manner of sin,  
And only remembering the good and the just,  
Shall dwell both in pleasure without and within,  
Thou receiv'st the gold for the iron's gilded rust.

Neither sorrow nor strife shall affix thy retreat,  
No turbulent burdens shall enter the throng;  
Where murmuring streamlets do lisp at thy feet,  
Beguile ye the hours with laughter and song.

When weary and faint from thy goodness returns,  
Go bathe thy tired feet in the brooklets that flow,  
And lave the hot brow where sweet charity burns,  
While birds sing above and the streamlets below.

The forests so calm in their self-builded vale  
Holds power o'er thy fancy and lulls thee to rest,  
Where wisdom shall seek thy sweet breath to inhale,  
And waking shall marvel at wisdom's request.

Not easy nor vain is the Master's high lore,  
Imparted to thee while the sleep of the night  
Surrounded thine eyelids, behind thee, before,  
Where blinded thou lay with the rapturous light.

Thine appetite feeds on the wonders of God,  
Tho' dwell in a cavern, no hunger shall tear  
And lust for crude victuals the chastening rod  
When smiteth at heart the refreshment shall bear.

O! ne'er canst thou long for in mankind a place,  
When from proving thou know'st the vultures of fate,  
And nourished by heaven, thou sure canst efface  
The wish to return from yon paradise gate.

---

## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Have you seen the lighthouse gleaming  
On its rock of ancient build,  
And its massive bulwarks beaming  
Through sun's rays, where'er they gild?

Strong and sound seems its foundation,  
Towering high above the wave;  
Standing like some wild creation  
Not of man, but heaven-gave.

And its huge and pointed pillar  
Rises sheer into the sky,  
Standing lone, save heaven's tiller,  
Steering vessels safely by.

Strong the beacon-rays that gather,  
Like a soul within its strength,  
Straying barques to guide, and tether  
From destruction's painful length.

Hark! throughout its groaning gable  
Thunders roll, and lightnings play;  
Yet it stands as firm, as stable  
As the beacon 'neath its sway.

How the rushing foam doth clamour  
At its side in angry scorn!  
Flinging high its wretched glamour  
O'er the seething mass, forlorn.

Thus we stand in life's enclosure  
Torn by tempest's cruel fray,  
Seeking naught but mild composure,  
While the billows round us play.

Is our strength combined for victory,  
 And our souls the beacon-light  
 Shedding rays to guide us to Thee,  
 Swift to heaven's glorious height?

---

## BYGONE DAYS.

Grief, idle grief, I know not what thou art,  
 Creeping from the soul in mute appeal.  
 Torn from the depths of some uncherished heart  
 That oft to prying eyes its secrets doth reveal.  
 O! let the ghost not from its tomb e'er steal.

Tears, scalding tears, that gather to the eyes,  
 Blinding reason's scope, and overlook the dawn  
 Creeping o'er the fields where once with happy sighs  
 Thou thought that heaven dwelt this earth upon;  
 'Twas when thou held the love that now is gone.

Fresh as the storm sweeping o'er the wild,  
 So doth each gust of grief renew the pain.  
 Ah! aching hearts, when shall their woes be mild?  
 Perchance when roses grow, and flowers bloom again  
 O'er sundry mounds, their hopes will not be vain.

---

## SISTERS OF A SISTERHOOD.

Woman I, that speaks to thee,  
 Asks these words though 'shamed I be.  
 Is not there a bond divine  
 'Twixt thy woman's heart and mine  
 From which sympathy should flow  
 Each to each, while in the glow  
 Affection's warm, caressing tone  
 Links the sorrows borne alone?  
 Why this useless enmity,  
 Goading thoughts to hatred free?  
 Guard the homeless, those astray  
 To thy faith, appeal alway.  
 Virtues slanders should efface  
 Not adding to their shameless grace;  
 Nor for such can one atone—  
 Guard their welfare as thine own.

## WOODS IN AUTUMN.

Fast blows the autumn gale;  
The gaudy wrappings of the wood are gone,  
The forests now are bare, each empty dale  
Has put its solemn livery on.

The giant oaks that stood  
Bedecked in their wide sweep and stately pride,  
Must yield the splendor of each glowing rood  
And by its sombre laws abide.

Each wooded cliff that formed  
Or aided in the summer's quiet air  
Stands moaning, as if nature rudely stormed  
Them in their fortress there.

On high the sun sends forth  
His rising airy beams, as gladsome, lone  
As when each painted, tow'ring group was worth  
In sight a golden mitred crown.

Beyond the crimson heavens glow.  
In fervor bright, true sign of heaven's bliss,  
Smiles back the firmament to us below,  
And silently the earth doth kiss.

O! fairest time the passing year,  
If but our starving energies make glad  
Each sunny day, and blossoms brown and sere  
Though withered are not sad.

---

## SMALL WORDS.

Scold not the one whose mind you would improve.  
Rather seek his faults with kindness and love,  
Lest he fall back upon himself; and then  
Misdoubting, knowing, thinking all his fellowmen  
Against him thus. Why should those greater seek  
To slay a mortal's faith in his own mind?  
For surely now it would have been more kind

To choose mild words; clothed with celestial fire,  
To purge iniquities. Blot out your loathsome ire;  
For being stronger tramp not on the weak.  
Then nobly prove yourself his willing friend,  
Encourage well his aims though it be late;  
Deep words, though light, that trusting in the end  
Must always balance well, and bear more weight.

---

## EVENING REST.

My task is done, and the yearning  
For rest steals o'er me now.  
The throbbing pain and the burning  
Have left my fevered brow.

I see a star fall from heaven,  
Then sadly gaze at them more,  
And think of the many lives given  
There is always one gone before.

A feeling of nameless longing  
Creeps from my heart to-night,  
As bygone memories come thronging  
And fashion before my sight.

A feeling so sad and lonely  
Seems wearing my life away,  
But resembles anguish only  
As the dawn resembles the day.

Come, play to me the preface  
Of a melody soft and low,  
And let my thoughts find solace  
In the murmur of its flow.

O! choose one from the Psalter—  
Something sweet, sublime,  
Whose echoes seem to falter  
Ere they cross the chasm of time.

Sing not of life's ambition,  
Nor of endless toil and woe,  
But rather of death's transition,  
Through whose portals we must go.

'Twill chase away the wrinkles  
And soothe my mind with peace,  
As foam on the ocean crinkles  
When the passionate wavelets cease.

Then lightly thoughts of the morrow  
Will pass o'er my throbbing brain;  
The dull heartache, and the sorrow  
Like dew will dissolve in rain.

And the pent up well of the fountain  
With tears shall overflow,  
And silently cover the mountain  
Of sorrow, and bury it low.

---

#### TIRED.

I am already weary of the road,  
Although my journey is not yet done.  
I toil and struggle to bear my load  
From the rising dawn till the setting sun.  
I travel slow, for my feet are sore,  
All cut and bruised by a hanging thorn  
That swept across my path and tore—  
I long, oh I long for the coming morn!  
I will brush the brambles aside and go  
With a firmer tread, for the way is clear.  
The clouds of dawn will burst, and lo!  
Alone I might falter helpless here.  
Through dark ravine, or mountain air  
Whither I go, Thou wilt be there.

---

#### SORROWS OF AFFLICION.

Trod not thou on affliction's humble birth,  
As lowly bend the knee before God's throne;  
Surrender meekly all thou hast upon this earth  
If needs be. Generously resigned. 'Tis but his own.  
Reproach him not tho' he should pluck our choicest  
flowers  
And bear them away. Remember yet, they still are ours

Nor murmur thus with grief's reproving voice.  
 Rather lave thy heart with tears, and then rejoice  
 To know thou hast been worthy found, and knowing well  
 God sent His stricken message down to thee  
 Where be received with all due courtesy  
 Strength'ning, cleansing, ennobling where it fell.  
 Love and caress all sorrows gravely given;  
 Each gift shall be returned to us in heaven.

---

## THE COMPENSATION OF LIFE.

A voice cried to a struggling soul; "Be still!"  
 Rail not against thy woes; if 'twere His will,  
 Thou wouldest be now sated with infinite peace,  
 Not weeping, moaning, praying for release  
 From this frail vesicle, that chains thy very breath  
 And beguiles thee from the torpor we call death.  
 Have patience, soul, and thou wilt join me here  
 In ecstasy. Away, away, from pain's unrest,  
 The discipline now of this worldly sphere  
 Thou art but learning, is the mortal's test.  
 Life's slight pulsations stilled, all longings cease,  
 Eternity unveils her sweet domain;  
 Such bliss doth well reward a life of pain.  
 I had my sufferings too, ere I found peace,

---

## WHATE'ER THE CRIME BE GOOD.

Oft we may hear a sound of discontent  
 Breathed through the air, a useless plaint  
 Be added to one's woes, do we invent  
 A hopeful word to crush the bitter taint?

And when a shadow falls across a friend  
 Do we wield sympathy, or turn aside  
 For needless cause unto the bitter end,  
 Nor lift the soul we might have fortified?

Thus oft for hope a fellow-being lies  
 Struck to the earth, while we walk glad  
 Across the waste, where ignorance defies  
 The thought that we may yet be woeful, sad.

And so one little word may bravely raise  
The drooping spirit bowed, nor should  
We swerve from sympathy throughout our days;  
Whate'er the crime or shadow is, be good.

---

## WAIT.

If lines of mine few understand,  
Wait, wait, nor skim them underhand;  
Till years are past, to some comes late  
Pain's keen perception—till then wait.

---

## THE HUMMING BIRD.

Honey sipper, dapper clad  
In thy greenish robes, so glad,  
Dost thou flit from flower to flower,  
Ling'ring near a blossomed bower  
Where the nectar loved by thee  
Seems to dwell immortally.

What but joy is in thy pinion,  
Lover of a vast dominion?  
Swimming thro' the clover field,  
Cheating drones their wintry yield.  
Butterflies may sport and play,  
But thy heart is always gay,  
Mocking in thy toilsome hours  
Honey bees which haunt thy bowers.  
Knows no indolence nor ease,  
Floating on the downy breeze  
O'er the treetops, and along  
With a purpose firm and strong.

Hide thee ever in thy glory  
Deep 'neath apple blossoms hoary?  
Where the honeyed blossoms steal  
Sweetness for thy morning meal,  
And the day of wantless care  
Be it cloudy, damp, or fair.  
E'en providing perfumed sap.  
And thy tiny bill, the tap

Whence the nectar floweth forth  
 Fair as snowflakes from the North.  
 Chanting in a listless tone  
 Thanks maybe for flower and hone.

Hast thou known of foreign joys  
 Where love's atmosphere decoys  
 Birds and insects to its haven?  
 Plenty always, and thy leaven  
 Sweeter for the scorching breeze  
 Weltering thro' the palmy trees.  
 Ne'er behooves thee there to hurry  
 Thro' the haste of nature's flurry.  
 Seasons all in all appear,  
 Blooming sameness, year to year,  
 Where from zone to zone, thou steerest,  
 Fright unknown, and nothing fearest.

Swift the days, but swifter still  
 Go'st thou forth with stronger will,  
 Teaching all what need and care  
 Mingle firm, with pleasures rare.  
 Duties stern thou ne'er would'st shirk,  
 For thou liv'st but to work,  
 And thou lab'rest but to live;  
 Sweeter labor none can give.

---

#### DECREED.

Oft lies man's life within his heart,  
 A life, a grave, an earthly all.  
 'Tis of himself a thing apart,  
 Which we his living manhood call;  
 And but when in that heart's recesses see,  
 We pitying know what God meant him to be.

---

#### NIGHT.

O night! how thy pitying boon  
 Covers the sinner and saint;  
 Yet thou go'st forth all too soon  
 Awandering; in thy restraint

Thou seem'st more dear than all  
The sunlight from tower to dome.  
And hark! when thy sweet glories fall,  
Is the hour for returning home.

---

## ISLE OF ST. ELMO.

The weak, the wan, and the ghastly sight  
Of a spellbound isle, where the meteor throws  
Its lustrous shades o'er the fog-girt night,  
And screens the tomb of the morn's repose  
With the tropic light of a star-gemmed sky—  
How fared this spot in the eve gone by?

Methinks with the light of a dazzling moon,  
Through the stormy surf of an endless day,  
Gaunt spectres travel the caves at noon  
And lure the storm with its wrath away;  
The boundless realm may sink and groan  
With its hideous burden of wraiths alone.

And sprites arise from the vapor gray,  
Mingling their shrieks with the tempest's roar,  
Mocking the sounds in their mimicking way  
And driving the herons in fright to the shore.  
The life of man with its endless fear  
Might find a comforting realm here.

A flapping of wings in the hurried gale  
Would send the pang of a terror's dart  
To the mind surroundless of nerve's avail,  
And speed him quick with a trembling heart  
To the nearest port ere the strife began  
For the harbor refuge he strikes. O man!

The bleaching bones of a nation's pride  
Be bathed by the surf's unwearying dip,  
That clinging yet to the earth's damp side,  
Release their hold with a weak'ning grip  
Of the iron hands which the bones condemn,  
Once swayed the earth that now sways them.

## TRUE GREATNESS.

Nor luxury, nor riches, nor power,  
 Nor fame in the treadmill of time,  
 Give omnipotence from which tyrants cower,  
 Can immortally make me sublime.  
 No history of brave anecdotes  
 Could give to the world my desire  
 Of intellect's gift the world notes  
 And praise which the owners soon tire.  
 No sceptre I crave to command,  
 Nor diadem's weight on my brow;  
 But a power I ask from His hand  
 Greater than kings can bestow—  
 Grant to me love's endless fate,  
 And being good I shall be great.

---

## SUNSET.

Through crimson bars the sunset's glory steals  
 With grandeur massed, majestic like a king  
 Whose purple robes outvie all nature deals  
 To mankind; and the frailer glories bring,  
 With dazzling contrast lovelier than all,  
 A wave of every tint, a ripple as of fire  
 Floats on the sea of burnished gold, where fall  
 The sun's last beams, the glitt'ring rays that tire  
 Undaunted eyes; which gazing on the pale last look  
 Of day; gleans from its promise a fairer dawn.  
 And where the setting glows, a timid flutt'ring rook  
 Sails through the downy fleece and wanders on.  
 Thus may our lives tinged with the sunset's roseate hue  
 Cleave the pale clouds and wander swiftly through.

---

## OUTWARD SHOW.

Call not that life which hidden 'neath a veil  
 Screens all but glamour from the outward show  
 Of mortals, careful not to look beyond the pale  
 And see their selfsame image stalking in the glow.

## DANGERS OF FRANKNESS.

Who bluntly speaks, may injure himself more  
Than had he chosen phrases polished o'er.

---

## SLEEP AND THINK.

Sleep, I cannot sleep and think.  
Thoughts that overflow the brink  
Aye! of tears and clinging pain  
Come to haunt me o'er again.

Through the day they never cease,  
While at night I crave release  
From their wearying review;  
Old they are, the treasured few.

Nature links her silence deep  
With our calm, mysterious sleep;  
Echoes not surround the gloom  
Creeping o'er us like the tomb.

Thought with all its latent hues,  
Sleep I beg to change the views;  
Useless to me change will seem,  
For I live them o'er in dream.

---

## BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

Talk not of gilded towers, nor turrets vain,  
Rearing triumphant spear-shaped pinnacles in air  
To greet the planets' march, which turns again  
And leaves one thinking naught could be so fair.  
Then go thee out in nature's palace halls  
And fretted aisles of intricate design  
That dare the hands who builded tott'ring walls  
To frame substantial, firm network like thine.  
The wind so softly whisp'ring 'mong the trees  
Hath taught the woodland choirs to sing;  
No sweeter sound e'er borne upon the breeze,  
Or in the depths of water murmuring.  
All things we know must court decay, and wane,  
So frost's chill hand slay those, then resurrect again.

## RESURRECTION.

From the tomb of gruesome bowers  
 Spring earth's fairest, purest flowers;  
 From the grave of earthly sighs  
 Nobler souls do oft arise.

---

## THE LENGTH OF TIME.

How long unceasing doth it seem,  
 Eternal years without a change?  
 Like leaves upon a checkered ream  
 When torn apart the lines estrange.

Alternately we hope and dare  
 Beyond our strength in ruffled plans;  
 The fervor of a selfish prayer  
 Be used to raise us o'er our clans.

O! rapid life whene'er we give  
 In charity, what sweetest tread  
 And may we feel they only live  
 Who have themselves cast dead.

---

## THE SUMMER BREEZE.

Fresh from the chambers of the wood  
 A lofty breeze of the mountain stole,  
 And gliding on to where I stood  
 Paused on the selfsame grassy knoll.

It stirred the grass, and trees, and flowers,  
 That wrapped in summer's balmy dream  
 Deemed far too short the day's bright hours,  
 To feel existence' pensive stream.

The air was still, no sound of life  
 Crept through the foliage around;  
 Save chirping birds, whose aims were rife  
 To warble most delicious sound.

I hailed the zephyr's restful tone  
That boded gentle twilight's boon;  
And meads of flowery buds had gone  
To slumber lulled by nature's tune.

Ah! breeze that wandering slowly by,  
Thy gliding feet in rapture tread  
The glowing steeps, then silent die  
Without earth's murmurs round thee spread.

The blissful time that thou hast spent  
Through fragrance of the summer hours,  
Thy end reflects their raptures blent.  
O! could I share thy mortal bowers.

But what that sight now to my eyes?  
A vision white with wings outspread  
Comes sailing swiftly on the skies,  
Reflected deeply from o'erhead.

I gazed; the splashing sound foretold  
A ponderous ship with sails unfurled  
Where that strong breeze, so brave and bold,  
Labored to waft it o'er the world.

And then I paused to think with shame  
Of thoughts I had an hour before:  
To live a life of useless blame  
And yet to gain the peaceful shore.

Now let me linger shortly in  
The pleasure-halls of idle glee;  
But 'neath the sound of labor's din  
Make my strokes ring forth joyously.

---

#### EVE HAS COME.

Now the twilight draws her shade,  
Glad I am that eve is here;  
While I watch the dark'ning glade  
Thankful yes, that none are near.

More alert than in the day  
Do my spirits gently rise;

Now no labor holds its sway  
 O'er the dreamy, conscious sighs.

All the day a restless throng  
 Kept receding from my door,  
 All the day a noisy gong  
 Thrilled its echoes o'er and o'er.

Now I sweetly undisturbed  
 Muse on Future's throned flight,  
 With each bitter hearsay curbed,  
 Floating off on wings of night.

Fear and hatred rank no more  
 In my bosom: naught but glee  
 There proclaims its precious lore,  
 When the twilight sets me free.

Life and all its fretting cares  
 Pass before in loving dream;  
 Fresher beats my pulse declares  
 So likewise my heart doth seem.

There abandoned all but holy  
 Hopes and aspirations great,  
 Woe and vice that make day lowly,  
 Proving foes to me are sate.

Sweet forgiveness chimes its blessing  
 Free to those who overcast  
 Oft my sun, may its addressing  
 Reach who wronged me in the past.

—

#### WHY SHOULD I NOT BE GAY?

Why should I not be gay? Such was decreed  
 By heaven, and in nature's eye behold  
 A gleaming joy that fills up every need,  
 A warmth that e'en defies the winter's cold.

Why should I not be gay, when years are few?  
 'Tis time enough when age has touched with frost  
 These gilded locks my mirror doth review,  
 And so why should I mourn wherever tost?

Adieu, then, all of sorrow, woe and strife,  
    Insipid dross that none should ever miss;  
And in the failing years, when drunk of life,  
    No small, still voice shall whisper unsought bliss.

---

## SHALL BEND BUT NEVER BREAK.

The snowy clouds o'er yonder mount  
Seem drooping low to greet the crest.  
Their fleecy lightness lies abreast  
Like foam upon God's holy fount.  
Throughout its waves we see a soul  
Bowed down apparent to the earth,  
Whose grief, despair, have covered birth  
And age with melancholy's roll.  
But wait; again the snowy form  
Shall through that very lightness rise,  
Which bowed it down 'neath heaven's skies  
When passed the heavy brooding storm.  
All loyal hearts, for His sweet sake,  
Shall bend in grief but never break.

---

## SIMILE.

Strange power the soul holds o'er our mortal breath.  
When stricken mute, we soar, and call it death.  
Each form is stretched out lifeless on a bed  
So must the soul that loses e'en its God be dead.

---

## DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

When I knew less than I do now,  
Myself deemed wise, I will allow;  
Now more I know, yet think it less  
Than wisdom half, I must confess.

---

## SIMPLICITY.

True, great men show such wisdom oft  
    As wedding not of richest dower,  
But scorn the hot-house buds of fame,  
    And choose the modest wayside flower.

## FREEDOM.

Boast not that country free which binds a chain  
Around defenceless worlds, whose luxuries gain  
Through greediness' spoil, forgetful of the God  
Who hath divided not this earthly sod,  
But gave to all alike, a mock decree  
Be thrust upon the head of such as ye,  
And slaver-like forgets a higher power  
Claims all thy worthless self, and tyrant dower  
All noble thought, would rather be the friend  
Aye! of the slave, than to the master bend.

---

## THE WANDERER.

Left home. All in the sad experience of youth  
Drifted onward like the outgoing tide.  
How many have gone like me, but forsooth,  
The most of them have died.

Kissed loving parents, e'en now I recall  
How mother clung to me, and wept.  
I knew not then I had lost all  
Till memory o'er me swept.

Then I remembered, and for the past there came  
Such cruel longings and regret.  
Yet I did not think I was to blame  
Till sorrow and I met.

Returned again. All was silent and still  
In the cottage I once called home.  
Strangers showed me two graves on the hill—  
If I had only known.

Just retribution; but for me 'twas too late  
To comfort those who had left me.  
The like oft occurs, some call it fate  
I call it destiny.

## THE BELLS OF STUTTGART.

In that quaint old German city  
Of proud Stuttgart near the Rhine,  
Swords were flashing in the sunlight,  
Soldiers forming in a line.  
For was not the Emperor coming  
On his prancing, noble steed  
With its gold and silver trappings  
To perform a noble deed?

"Old Fritz is dead, he died this morning  
Who will wear the golden crown?  
Who by climbing up yon turret  
Will win everlasting renown?  
Who will win the hundred guineas  
That proud Stuttgart gives each year?  
To him who's brave enough to venture  
Ringing forth the Emperor's cheer."

Thus spake the General to his people  
As silence spread o'er the motley crowd.  
"Life is too sweet," each conscience replied,  
Not daring to speak it aloud.  
"I've a wife and children," each peasant thought,  
"And to risk it I do not dare;  
Although the feat has been done before,  
But then Fritz had not a care."

"Answer! answer!" cried the General,  
Striding wrathfully to and fro.  
"Is there not one man among you  
Who would risk his life and go?"  
Ay! there was one among that number,  
One whose like fame never dies,  
Who with wildly beating heart  
To the huge tower raised his eyes.

What was in that tow'ring belfry,  
What was in that awful height,  
That made the boy's heart sink within him  
And blanch his cheeks so deadly white?  
Yet as if some power had held him,  
Gazed above with bated breath.

"Father in heaven," he murmured fondly,  
 "Tell me, is it certain death?"

"If I venture up yon turret  
 Will thy hand protect me there?  
 For my mother's sake I ask it,  
 For my own I would not dare."  
 Then before the noble General  
 Stands a boy with calm, blue eyes,  
 Saying, "Master, I will do it;"  
 Noting quick the cool surprise

That shone in the General's face  
 As his stern eyes flashed with joy,  
 Saying, "Child, you could not do it  
 You are nothing but a boy."  
 "I can do it, I will do it,"  
 Moaned the boy with sobbing breath,  
 "Though there's danger in the action,  
 Sir, my mother's near to death.

"And the help I now can give her,  
 This a blessing for our need,  
 Will save us both from want, my master,  
 God will bless you then indeed."  
 The General's heart was stirred within him  
 As it ne'er had been before.  
 "You may do it, and boy like you  
 Would proud Stuttgart had some more."

Franz gazed at the winding ladder  
 And his heart grew faint with dread.  
 "Father, protect Thy orphan child."  
 Were the words his pale lips said.  
 "Holy Virgin Mother," prayed he,  
 "Help me in this hour of need,  
 Let your loving care enfold me,  
 For I need your help indeed."

Then as the shouts below, around him.  
 Step by step the boy ascends  
 With a coolness born of knowledge  
 That on this his life depends.  
 Nearer, and yet near he gains it  
 With a tread as firm as day.

Yet he dared not look below him,  
Know in this his safety lay.

Down below the crowds were surging,  
Listening for the bells to ring;  
Waiting for the Emperor's coming,  
Who was Prussia's noble king.  
First a hush, and then a silence  
Tells the Emperor is nigh—  
Franz has reached the topmost ladder  
Hanging now twixt earth and sky.

Like a tide of naval glory  
Sweeping o'er a battle field,  
As the stirring cries of victory  
Force the enemy to yield—  
Thus the murmur of hoarse voices  
As the monarch sweeps in view,  
With his grand and noble bearing  
And still grander retinue.

But the bells drown all the clamour,  
Holds the mass in one great sway;  
Like a gentle breeze of ocean  
Then the music dies away.  
In the grand old palace stateroom  
Stands the monarch with his seers.  
Asks he for the peasant, whom he  
Knew had rung the bell for years.

Then the noble General tells him  
Of the boy who filled his place,  
Seeing quick the admiration  
Shining in the monarch's face.  
"Bring him to me," says the monarch,  
"Well rewarded shall he be."  
Then from out the crowd he leads him,  
And Franz drops upon one knee.

The monarch raised the kneeling figure  
Saying, "Boy, kneel not to me.  
I'm but the ruler of a nation,  
Thou art the flower of chivalry."  
With his own hands placed the circlet  
On the boy's bright, curling hair

Of glittering gold and precious jewels  
A costly diadem and rare;  
Saying, "Thou hast won great honors  
And thou now my page shalt be.  
I'll be to thee as a father—  
Thou didst ring the bells for me."

---

### JEALOUSY.

Jealous of you I could not be.  
The gift that heaven sent down to me  
Might have been yours, and yours been mine,  
And I another, if both were thine.

---

### FAME.

The paths of fame are roughly shod  
With straggling mounds where worms have trod.  
Pedestall'd powers, that sought in vain to flee  
Yon gilded tombs. Whence rise their immortality.

---

### PREMEDITATION.

We wrong our lives oft by some thoughtless freak,  
But who knows better yet does same is doubly weak.

---

### KNOWLEDGE.

When tiny hamlets oft I view in some sequestered vale,  
Nestling in nature's arms, from earth's contaminations,  
    fail  
In worldly knowledge; meekly sink the bustling times  
    behind;  
I envy their unknowingness and happiness combined.

---

### ILLUSION.

How strange that those who wish to act a part  
    Deceive themselves, and to the grave onlookers show  
Their wounded pride, and e'en perhaps a breaking heart  
    By overdoing that they fain would let none know.

**CHRISTIANITY.**

Spurn not the sinner though he be  
Apostate of idolatry.  
And knowing such will learn of thee  
Emblems of true Christianity.

**WISDOM.**

'Tis but a fool earned reproach defies;  
Thro' mistakes sensible men become wise.

**FORBEARANCE.**

Time thou the word, but let its eloquence be  
Thy passport to life's serenity.

**RIDICULE.**

Let not the jests of others  
Give us pain. The irate tongue that mothers  
Faults, we know from jealous rapture springs—  
It is the untruth of it all that stings.

**CONVERSATION.**

When wise men freely converse do not deem  
Each is telling whatever he knows,  
For such may be but a tiny stream  
That from the fountain of knowledge flows.

**EQUALITY.**

The greatest man is he who feels  
Equality with every son;  
Whose noble creed such union deals  
That equal rights are owned, not won.

**SELF-REPROACH.**

Better is it not, that they  
Whose follies turn to conscience' stings?  
That others lighter think the fray  
Which to themselves such reproof brings.

## HYPOCRISY.

He who parades his gospel's lore  
 And recks for praise in wordly tone,  
 Defies with mockery, God before,  
 And makes an unjust creed his own.

## MISJUDGMENT.

How misplaced is the world's inviolate worth!  
 The knave that vaguely wond'ring rails at fate  
 That his wise ableness provokes no mirth,  
 And great men wonder why they are great.

## THE GENTLEMAN.

The same at home, the same to every clan  
 Proves what thou art, bespeaks the gentleman.

What coward's trait to mock and jeer at one  
 Of weaker intellect, or whom dull nature trod;  
 Contrary to ideals, such ill-placed mockeries don  
 An insult to the handiwork of God.

## REWARD OF PARDON.

He who forgives a blow or taunt,  
 And pardon to opponent yield,  
 Has won a victory greater than  
 The monarch on a battle-field.

## SIGNS OF GUILT.

Know that the one whose tongue harps tireless on  
 A one-string lyre of crime, or dismal facts,  
 To listeners' gaping wit reveals the one  
 Whom that same chord hath rusted—hence relax.

Twice and thrice a felon is the one  
 Who with contempt doth spurn the wrongdoer's son,  
 And for his parent's crimes o'erlook with scorn  
 The youth, unlike himself, who may be nobly born.

## PROOF.

Thou art a stranger to me, I must own,  
And since thou art but one way lies to find  
The noble qualities possessing thee alone—  
By what strange company thou seek'st in mankind.

---

## ON TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis true he hath no money, which  
Goes forth to meet the every end;  
But better hath, I deem him rich  
In that he owns a trusty friend.

---

## SYMPATHY.

What soothing balm to pour our all-consuming woes  
Into the ears of one with consolation free;  
And yet hope not for sympathy from those  
Who have not tasted thine own cup of misery.

---

## SELF-MADE.

Who scaled his heights alone hath better won  
A crown, than issued to the monarch's son.  
Though ruling all, his throne will ne'er descend,  
For he is king himself unto the end.

---

## LAWS.

As men do often die in poverty,  
And as oft they bequeath the erring cause  
To idle sons, such as their fathers', see  
Whose laws live not by them, but they by laws.

---

## CONTROL.

Thou thought'st to teach me, and behold! I find  
Thou hast not learned yet control of mind.  
How can the colt as yet untaught command  
Teach younger ones to pull, loose reins in hand?

## THE PENITENT.

He who repents with keen remorse  
Each sin committed of the age,  
And then returns to same, is worse  
Than actor on the gilded stage.

---

## STRENGTH IN SUFFERING.

"Bear and forbear," has Victory said.  
No human soul was ever led  
Through others' pains to gain the strife  
Of conquered self, the noble life.

---

## IT IS NOT OFT.

It is not oft we judge the pain  
Of others by our own;  
Or else those stabs and sneers would wane  
And sympathy condone.

---

## DEFEATED.

Though probing well the truths of every land,  
Man's mind a mystery, to thy search is lost,  
O! changing hearts, we fain would understand,  
'Tis when some turn away they love us most.

---

## FAULTS.

Possessing fewer faults, then we  
Might lesser faults in others see.

---

## FAITH.

If once on one thy faith held ground  
With undisputed sway, and mind,  
And that grave stanchion tott'ring, bound,  
Shall sink thy faith in all mankind.

## WHEN.

When one most dear steps in thy life,  
So will the love for each and all,  
Both friend and foe, who aimed thee strife  
Assemble at thy heart's new call.

---

## REVENGE.

Scorn all revenge, 'tis weak and vain;  
Thou noblest attributes shalt gain  
Not for thyself and thine alone,  
But him thy welfare has o'erthrown.

---

When we have done our best, why care  
If idle tongues make light the task?  
Of failure, none but gossips dare  
And their advice we scorn to ask.

---

## HONOR AND WEALTH.

Houses and lands tempt naught but the vain  
Honor comes first, 'tis a priceless domain.

---

## KINSHIP.

Whate'er the stranger's heart bestows,  
Our kinsmen are our greatest foes;  
And none so envious of our lot  
As those who kinship have forgot.

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## A CHOICE.

There is a strength, not weak, in loving well  
One 'neath the gaze of stern, unfeeling eyes,  
A wretch who so unprincipled defies  
By acts his worth; such crimes dispel,  
And guide, uplift. Is't not more noble deed,  
To know thy love raised one in apter need?

## THE ASCENT OF LIFE.

Heed not the dark and dismal days  
In life's career. The wind that sways  
The drooping branches o'er our path  
Shall now appease the storm-god's wrath,  
And sweep the mist our sun obscures  
With joyful hand, and love allures.

The vale of life, through which we pass  
With faltering steps, the surging mass  
That blocks our path, while toiling brave  
To stem the billows, crest the wave  
That bear us onward in the strife  
The thankless task of living, life.

Ascend the mountain, tread the plain,  
Ere thou may ever hope to gain  
The summit's height, the wooded grove  
That sweetly shelters the wounded dove  
In tranquil peace, the harvest reap  
Thou earnedst, while toiling passes steep.

The years go rippling by in rills  
That found their starting place in hills  
Of trouble, bravely met, and tost  
Beneath the river's cringing frost,  
With zephyr calm, serene they lie,  
As joy brings smiles, or pain a sigh.

Their shadows ne'er will come again  
To make thee think what might have been.  
The future now must be thy goal  
And rest content in life's stern roll.  
To know the past, thou didst begin—  
The future shall eclipse, and win.

Swift as the sunshine skimming o'er  
The dial's face, time is no more.  
The brief, sweet dream, whose records wrought  
True visions of a celestial spot,  
Be drenched no more with passing showers,  
But reign supreme in endless bowers.

Though life may send thee grief and care,  
Forget not others have to share  
The pang sent down. We must destroy  
The selfish thoughts that would decoy  
Such anguish, ere we win renown;  
No untroubled brow will wear a crown.

Scorn not the rivulets that store  
The mind's deep well with hidden lore  
That bubbles up with each new draught  
And sips the springs that others quaffed.  
With hasty zeal, untasted still  
They leave the fountain on the hill.

How dross is gold to earthly trust;  
'Tis but the iron's gilded rust  
That strewn in bauble's glittering road  
Shall lure the weak to its abode.  
Exchange not wealth of mind or soul  
For all the dazzling gems that roll.

The mortal's best estate, not wealth  
But industry and time. Like stealth  
The hours creep on, unnumbered, brief;  
Thou canst seize some, not like a thief,  
For they are thine; a dusky pall  
If not secured, will hide them all.

The snow enshrouds with winding sheet  
Old earth's bare bosom and chilled feet.  
Let not thy heart be numbed by this,  
'Tis but the mourning of earth's bliss.  
As snowflakes melt, the sun will shine,  
All griefs dissolve, and let go thine.

Wouldst thou when others are in woe  
Desire a shield to wrest the foe?  
Of his crude spoils, and hoarded strife  
He longs to spread with misery, rife.  
The road to true contentment leads  
Oft through some mourner's woes or needs.

Uncertain tides may wreck thy boat,  
If left upon the stream afloat,

And leave thee stranded like a shell  
Ere help appears, the waves to quell;  
Then safely through the roaring tide  
A steering hand thy barque will guide.

In barren walks didst thou begin  
Life's endless march of care, and sin?  
Its desert paths of burning sand,  
That spread out boldly o'er the land,  
Kept from thy sight the cool greensward  
That might have charmed thy life's discord.

The flowers of life are trust and peace,  
And when we wear them, murmurs cease;  
They shed their perfume in the air  
And chase the gloom seen everywhere.  
When loving hearts their fragrance call,  
Each blow shall lighter seem to fall.

Be grateful if a sunbeam burst  
And shed its lustre o'er thee first;  
Its gladsome rays diffuse the cloud  
That hovered o'er thee long and loud.  
They promise day, and sunshine sent,  
The night of woe will soon be spent.

With prudent thought build firm the wall  
That keeps thee from destruction's fall;  
No gaping holes be left to throw  
Dishonor round, defects will show  
Both pitiless, and stern to eyes  
That treach'rous would thy faults surmise.

Temptation's thorns may snare thy feet,  
Its storms may come with hail and sleet,  
And lead astray thy virtuous soul  
To perish in despair; the goal  
Of all who tread wrong paths at length—  
We trust that thou hast greater strength.

Consider wisely ere thou act,  
Lest by remorse thy heart be racked

For deeds of folly, which destroy  
One's peace of mind, the owner's joy.  
Such blots will stain, nor can efface  
The thrill some feel in one's disgrace.

Although fierce storms thy hopes assail,  
Like mariners utilize the gale  
To speed thee swiftly o'er the main,  
The Port of Triumph thus to gain—  
No wreckage strewn on life's dull sand  
To tempt the vultures of the land.

A dormant will must dwell within  
Him who makes no attempt to win  
The soul has starved with careless food,  
And sunk into death's lassitude;  
Arouse the sleeping spirit's breath,  
No longer dare exist in death.

We shape our fates with careless hands  
Too oft from loathsome desert sands.  
True life inspires the heart to sing  
And earth doth promise everything;  
The bow of promise in the sky  
Can quickly send life's arrow high.

Pause not upon life's devious way,  
Beguiled by potent charmer's sway,  
For such will charm thee while they use  
Thine opportunities, thy cues  
For hidden wealth, and then pass by,  
While on the ground thou prostrate lie.

The ocean's roar is loud and strong,  
As maelstroms fiercely glide along;  
The vortex there, so wide and deep,  
Disturbs thy slumbers, haunts thy sleep.  
To some it brings repose and peace  
And some the knell of hope's decease.

Perfection, no, thou needst not seek;  
Its voice is far too frail to speak

In man. A globe of glass  
 That fain would shatter ere it pass,  
 And leave behind a stinging dread  
 That we might on its edges tread.

As strugglers fail be not the one  
 To court defeat, no laurels won  
 Without grim toil, each failure sore  
 Should make thee stronger than before;  
 From off thy heart those trammels shake  
 And thou shalt win for winning's sake.

Discharge no shafts that wound a heart—  
 Such may recoil on thee, the dart  
 That poisoned with the slanderer's tongue  
 Seeks targets fresh. Be thou among  
 The first to wipe the oozing stain  
 From off the cause of Virtue's gain.

All magnified are youthful woes;  
 From tiny steppes oft mountains rose.  
 As time rolls on with patience blest  
 We learn to soothe our cares to rest,  
 Nor cherish faults so lately born,  
 While at the past we smile in scorn.

As streams reflect the sunset's glow,  
 So may toil's roseate hues all show  
 In life's pellucid depths as clear  
 As raindrops sparkling on the mere;  
 Their restful prelude sounds impart  
 A flood of music to the heart.

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#### WHILE THE WORLD IS SINGING, LAY ME DOWN.

Lay me down on the hillside fair,  
 Where curlews call.  
 Cover my bed with seashells rare,  
 Whose moans will fall

Like a requiem on my tired soul,  
 Whose work is done.  
 Earth's music, life denied me whole,  
 Death now has won.

While the world is singing my endless fame,  
Here let me lie;  
Unconscious thus of its praise or blame  
None can deny.

Then sing my songs again and again  
To ends of earth,  
Unheeding all of the heart of pain  
Which gave them birth.

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### HOPE.

If we will always listen with a mournful mind,  
All life seems like a wail of sorrow rent;  
If there was naught to trouble in mankind,  
All voices here like music would be blent.

We do not hear the swelling undertone of love  
That bids us bear what others bore so meek.  
When we are done with the complaints that wove  
Such bitterness, then life's happiness we may seek.

All suffering comes from battle with ourselves;  
When we are bruised and beaten, thoughts are rife  
That struggling helpless show the mind that delves  
Down deep, the needlessness of strife.

Impatience spoils control the soul has gained;  
Our higher self knows the repose of peace;  
The mortal only thinks it cannot be attained,  
And thus the soul yearns for its glad release.

Deliverance! The word that brings the captive hope!  
Shall we accept its comfort when appears?  
Or let it pass us with a wider scope,  
And leave us yet in agony and tears.

Why should we wish our paths bestrewn with flowers  
While others stumble o'er life's stony road?  
We merely ask the blossoms that are ours,  
Then give the rest and help them bear their load.

We wonder yet what others, proud and gay,  
Of happiness in this cruel, blighted life can find;

They do not stop to gather sorrows on the way,  
Nor waste time grieving over sorrows left behind.

To-day is ours, we must not mar its beauty;  
To-morrow His; all may be dark and chill,  
Then vainly wish that we had done our duty,  
And now have better strength to meet His will.

'Tis useless, yes, to bring ourselves to think  
Life's suffering yet may heedless pass us by;  
Its lesson must be learned; though near the brink  
Of yawning grave, 'twill seize us ere we die.

Forbearance still shall mould our life's contending path,  
The word that turns our thoughts to higher things;  
The giddy senseless one that ne'er a trouble hath  
Shall e'en be better for the knowledge trouble brings.

The withered leaves from off the sturdy branch must fall  
All scared and torn in cruel tempest's blast;  
Their labor o'er, like men they have their call,  
Like unthanked men they to the earth are cast.

The soft, sweet lisping winds their tiny shelters seek  
Where tripping sparrows flit in noiseless glee;  
Eternal softness reigns, whose silence ne'er will speak—  
As mute and uncomplaining as our lot should be.



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